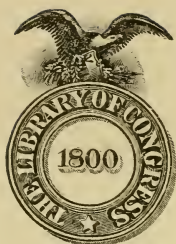


*LYRICS OF THE
LOST CAUSE*

DUVAL PORTER



Class P52649

Book P45L8

*“LYRICS OF THE
LOST CAUSE”*

By DUVAL PORTER

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TESTIMONIALS

From JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, of Georgia

I thank you for your enclosure of March 7th, containing "Visions of Jefferson." The poem is one of force and power and most brilliantly written, and I value it very highly.

From Mr. J. STEWART BRYAN, Richmond, Va.

I have just read your beautiful poem on Mrs. Joseph Bryan, and I have seldom seen a more just appreciation of my mother's life and service.

From GENERAL J. S. CARR, Durham, N. C.

These poems of Mr. Porter should not be allowed to perish but should be put in enduring form.

From THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Your poem on Edgar Allen Poe is a splendid tribute to that erratic genius, the fifth and last stanzas striking me as peculiarly fine.

From SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL

I have read your poem on "Old Jube," and consider it a fine tribute to that grand old Confederate.

From SENATOR CLAUDE A. SWANSON

I have read with much pleasure some recent poems and articles from your pen, which were written with your usual grace and ability.

From EX-GOVERNOR A. J. MONTAGUE

I thank you for your poem, "Visions of Jefferson" which I have read with great interest and pleasure and will re-read several times.

From Dr. EDWIN A. ALDERSON, Pres. University of Va.

Your poem on Gettysburg, I have read with great interest. It possesses pathos, dignity and power.

From DR. B. M. WALKER, Danville, Va.

The poem of Duval Porter on Gettysburg is a thrilling masterpiece of word-painting of one of the greatest battles and is alone worth the price of the book.

From E. LEE TRINKLE, Wytheville, Va.

I am fully persuaded you have gotten in touch with the poetic muse, as all your poems clearly show this.

From BERKELEY MINOR, Staunton, Va.

Your poem on "Richmond" is a handsome tribute to the city which suffered so much for the good old cause.

PRESS NOTES

Duval Porter, well known in this section as a gifted literary man, will, we learn, in the near future offer to the public an edition of his poems, entitled, "Lyrics of the Lost Cause," and "Other Poems." Those who have read Mr. Porter's poems in this and other papers, speak of them in the very highest terms. Many of them are patriotic epics, thrilling in description, and beautiful in expression.—Danville, Register.

A poem on "Memorial Day," and dedicated to the Mildred Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy of Martinsville, was read here on Memorial Day by Mr. A. L. Gravely. It is a great poem, and produced a profound impression.—Henry Bulletin.

The poem on "Gettysburg," which appeared in last Sunday's Observer, not only excited unusual interest here, but created remarkable attention throughout the entire State.—The Charlotte (N. C.) News-Observer.

PREFACE

Tho' well aware poetic praise
Is rarely won these prosy days
Since everything in Heaven and earth
Has been pre-empted, hence the dearth,
Of any subject to inspire
The poet's soul to string his lyre
Yet poets hopeful ever are
To win where reason would despair.

Hence gentle reader, it requires
Unbounded faith when one aspires
To reach the world in way of rhyme
On aught ridiculous or sublime,
But it may be some happy hint,
Some thoughts as yet, unknown to print
As heretofore, within you'll find
In book to you that's now consigned
And altho it maybe too mean
To stir up any critic's spleen,
Who knows but that some line may touch
A stricken heart and soothe it much.

DEDICATION

To that noble gentleman and true friend, Thomas B. Fitzgerald, of Danville, Virginia, who beginning life poor, and with few educational advantages has made it successful and in whose fine fortune there is not one dirty shilling

This little volume is affectionately dedicated.

“Lyrics of the Lost Cause”

THE SOUTHERN CAUSE

Oh, Righteous Cause, for which we fought,
And for which thousands died,
We glory in it as we ought
And point to it with pride.

The Cause for which our fathers bled,
In Revolution days,
The right of self-defense instead
Of treasonable ways.

No “Cause” is “Lost” that has the right,
Success is often wrong,
Tho’ seemingly it wins the fight,
The honors still belong

To those in failure or defeat,
Who tried and did their best,
As long as noble hearts shall beat
Within a human breast.

Was Russia right and Poland wrong
Contending for its place,
Among the nations, brave and long
’Till crush’d by power base?

The rev’rence all true Southrons feel,
No foes can over-awe,
For Cause that ever will appeal,
With all the force of law.

And yet we are today as true
To country’s flag as they,
Who bore it then and wore the Blue
’Gainst those who wore the Gray.

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE**Invocation**

While others sing of Grecian Isles
In strains that ev'ry heart beguiles
How warriors fought and heroes fell
For Helen false, and fickle belle;
Or how the Grecian army stood
A bulwark to the Persian flood,
And roll'd it backward as the tide,
That smites in vain the mountain's side.

Let these and kindred themes belong
To Homers of immortal song;
Let Miltons with angelic eye
Behold the battles of the sky,
Or turn with equal sweep and tell
Of Pandemonium's reign in Hell.

Mine be to sing in humble strain,
Of him who bravely died to gain
A cause so sacred and so dear,
It cannot die, but re-appear
In every age, the right divine,
The right of freedom to combine,
When fraud and force would nullify
The Charters of their liberty.

My Comrades, I would sing today,
Of those who simply wore the gray,
For whom no blaring trumpet sing,
For whom no welcome plaudits ring,
Who sleep without a shaft to tell
The glorious fields on which they fell.

And yet we would the world should know,
The greatest monument below,
Grav'd not on stone by sculptor's art
But written in the Southern heart,
Is theirs, and theirs shall ever be
While men are brave, while men are free.

GETTYSBURG

All ye who love the thrilling story
That forever crowns with glory

Thermopylea ;

All ye who love to dwell upon
The deathless day of Marathon,
List now to me.

I sing not of two thousand years,
My story modern, it appears
Bereft and bare
Of adventitious ornament,
Like some vast column, strength unspent,
And standing there

As tho' it bade defiance ev'n
To all the angry blast of Heav'n
That on it play ;
The wind, the fiercely driv'n rain,
May blow and beat on it in vain—
It came to stay.

Nor, Jena, Wagram, Austerlitz,
Where an immortal warrior sits
Enthroned for aye ;
Nor Ceasar on Pharsalian Plain,
A world to lose, a world to gain,
I sing to-day.

'Tis Gettysburg, Ah, thrilling word !
"Whose mighty echo has been heard
Around the world ;"
Where highest hope that ever gave
A dauntless courage to the brave
In ruin hurl'd.

Gettysburg—a nation smitten,
Whose story never can be written
By friend or foe.

No Waterloo, no wild retreat,
 (Lee's army never knew defeat) —
 How great the blow!

Third of July, mometous day,
 When one great nation came to stay,
 And one to die!
 When Southern arms could not prevail,
 With leaders never known to fail;
 'Twas will'd on High.

PART II

See yonder standing that gray line,
 Impassive now, without a sign,
 With bated breath?
 Altho' unmoved as there they stand,
 Yet will they rush at Lee's command
 Right into death.

"And who are they without a sign?"
 Garnett's, Kemper's, Armistead's line,
 On dress parade.
 "On dress parade? You do but jest,
 And yet they do not seem distressed
 By cannonade."

The flames of battle burst on high,
 The genius of destruction nigh,
 All sounds attest;
 Hear Longstreet's guns incessant pour
 Their leaden hail into and o'er
 That awful crest.

The vales, the hills, are thunder riv'n,
 Shakes not only earth, but Heaven,
 With uproar dire,
 And breasts of iron, hearts of steel,
 Would, it seems, but terror feel,
 Nor face that fire

They know must fall upon that line,
Still standing there without a sign
Or trace of fear;
But Armistead, Garnett, Kemper, shine,
Bright battle stars above that line,
And they are here.

What nerves that line at such an hour?
What subtle and mysterious power
So holds it there?
Is't thirst of power, sense of shame,
The hope of plunder, love of fame,
That makes them dare?

No, no! something nobler, higher,
Something all true men admire,
Aye, one and all;
For as they stand with bated breath,
They hear on that dread post of death
Virginia's call.

There rides in front a dauntless knight,
With sabre drawn, inspiring sight,
Yet calm and grave;
A veritable son of mars,
A genius who had won his stars—
'Tis Armistead, brave.

"The bravest of the brave," like Ney,
In council wise, yet fierce in fray,
Always in place;
Mind and commanding genius shine
In every look, in every line,
Of that strong face.

PART III

"What means that pause, that sweet surcrease?
And why are Longstreets guns at peace?
What means it all?
'Tis but the awful calm before
The storm begins, the dread uproar
About to fall.

The capstone now will crown the arch,
As "Forward, men! Guide centre, march!"
Rings loud and clear,
As, hat on sword point overhead,
Cries, gallant Armistead as he led
His heroes here.

"Hark! what was that?" The signal gun.
Look! Look! The line is moving on
Against the foe.
Beneath that fearful cannonade
They march as if on dress parade.
Can this be so?

Aye, aye! Beneath the guns that blaze,
Inspired by Southern Marseillaise,
They face that fire,
The furious storm of shot and shell
Which on them from yon crest now fell
With carnage dire.

The bullets hiss with shrieking shell,
While cannons roar like blasts from Hell—
Still on they go;
These men who never met defeat
Know not the meaning of retreat
Save by the foe.

"Their line! It halts! No, death alone
Can halt that line now rushing on
That stubborn crest.
Tho' Balaklava, Lodi's bridge,
Mere toys to this awful ridge,
They fain would wrest.

Aye, not from cowards who conceal,
But foeman worthy of their steel,
As they had shown
On many a bloody field before,
Fields red with their heroic gore—
Their valor known.

Alas! Alas! See Armistead fall
 In triumph as he leaps the wall,
 The hero's way,
 While Martin, equally as brave,
 Went limping to an honor'd grave,
 From wounds that day.

"They fly! They fly!" No need to tell,
 I know the meaning of that yell—
 The crest is won.
 "Won, did you say?" Aye won and lost,
 Won at such a fearful cost,
 To hold it none.

O'erwhelmed by sheer brute force alone,
 The greatest charge the world has known
 Was at an end;
 The driv'n foe again returned
 And held the crest by valor earned,
 But to defend

And not pursue, Lee's name today
 Meade's mighty army holds at bay,
 Nor will he dare
 Attack that wasted, shattered line,
 Still standing there without a sign
 Or trace of fear.

Oh, pitying Heaven! Why not shield
 The heroes of this gory field?
 In heaps they lie,
 By grape shot torn, by ball and shell,
 The cannon's boom their fun'ral knell,
 Their pall the sky.

Behold the smoke of battle rise
 In columns dense ascend the skies,
 Fit fun'ral pall,
 As if the sadden'd eye of day
 His brilliant glance would veil away,
 Nor see them fall.

They cannot die while valor moves
One to defend the land he loves
 In every age;
Aye, will this glorious deed be told
In words that never can grow cold
 On history's page.

Mourn, Virginia! from thy roll
Was stricken many a princely soul
 Whose deeds excel
Those knights of old. It will be sung
And told how soldiers hearts were wrung,
 When Armistead fell.

Fell as he overleapt the wall,
With face to foe, beyond recall
 Or hope of aid.
Sons of Virginia, ye must see
the memories of such as he
 Shall never fade.

Traitors! Perish such a thought!
Such men could not be treason taught;
 Oh, never, never!
'Tis out of such heroic dust
The tree of freedom springs, and must
 Do so forever.

Oh, that the grand Homeric muse,
Inspired now, she would transfuse
 In song sublime
This matchless deed, and send it down,
E'er growing in glory and renown,
 To end of time.

DIXIE—THE SONG

It sings the thrilling story of scores of gory fields,
The Southron's song of glory, the lay of locking shields,
Of heroes overpower'd, whose courage never yields.

It sings of comrades sharring when days of battle rose
As that of brave men daring the myriads of the foes,
Sang birthday of a nation, sang requiem at its close.

It sings for those who loved it when vollied thunders
flew,
Of Forrest, Lee and Jackson, of Ashby and Fitzhugh,
Of Cleburne, Hood and Morgan, of Bee and Pettigrew.

The hissing sound of bullets, the shrieking of the shells
The loud huzzas of Yankees, the roar of Southern yells,
Come back when Vet'ran hears it, and his old bosom
swells.

Above the din of battle it rings out loud and clear,
And Southern soldiers hailed it always with rousing
cheer,
No other song as Dixie to them was half so dear.

Its notes are still triumphant, it never knew defeat,
Out-living Appomattox, still rings its music sweet,
When South's surviving heroes in lov'd re-unions meet.

The scent of orange blossoms seems mingling with its
strains,
The fields of rice and cotton, the waving sugar canes,
The sweets of Southern roses, the verdure of its plains.

The beauteous Southern maidens, who in the long ago,
In doorways, windows cheered us while speeding to
the foe,
We see in hearing "Dixie" 'tis why we love it so.

Our battle hymn of freedom, it sanctifies the scars,
And deaths of Southern freemen beneath the Stars
and Bars,
And not a note of treason its matchless music mars.

Live on great song forever, thou Southern Marsellaise,
Make future tyrants tremble, pursuing wicked ways,
Enkindling Torch of Freedom into splendor with thy
blaze.

JEB STUART

A knight of medieval days,
Of chivalry's estate,
A hero of the minstrel's lays
Born centuries too late.

Jeb Stuart touch'd the Southern heart
In his own winning way.
So chivalrous his warlike art,
So graceful was his sway.

High mettled steeds and lovely dames,
War, music, laughter, love,
His master-passions, aye his flames,
All other things above.

Ah, had he liv'd in those high days,
When Ceour de Lion rose,
All poets would have sung his praise
In rhyme as well as prose.

Have enter'd lists and made defense,
Nay, ev'n dared to die.
For some fair injur'd innocence,
Who won him with a sigh.

And yet at times the martial soul
Of Stuart mounted higher
Than mere romance, and broke control
Of fanciful desire.

His cheery voice rang out then,
As did his bugle call;
His daring spirit filled his men,
Made heroes of them all.

And when the tide of battle roll'd
Along in blood and fire,
He was the boldest of the bold,
And never seem'd to tire.

It comes at last and Stuart falls,
 As Ashby fell before.
 The music of his bugle calls
 His soul will charm no more.

Sleep loving heart, we fain would place
 Immortelles on thy grave,
 So true, so full of martial grace,
 So chivalrous, so brave.

THE DYING CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Founded on a true incident of the war between the
 States.

The sun had sunk behind the hills, so late with cannon
 riven,
 And picks and spades were busy now that burial may
 be given
 To thousands of their comrades that day in battle slain
 Whose bodies, unprotected, lay mangled on the plain,
 Away on yonder hill-top a House of Healing stood,
 Where arm and legs were saw'd off as quickly as it
 could
 Be done by army surgeons (God bless them ev'ry one)
 Whose work with saw and bandage at night had just
 begun.

Upon a scanty pallet a stern old soldier lay,
 Who rav'd and curs'd the Yankee who shot his leg away
 But near me at the window, on "stretcher" at my side
 Their lay another soldier, and this is how he died.

'Twas in the burning summer, the moon was at its
 height,
 And shown in at the window with weird and ghostly
 light
 Upon the pallid faces of dead and dying there,
 And there were phantom shadows seen dancing ev'ry-
 where.

Between the moans of anguish the intervals of pain,
I heard one humming softly a sweet familiar strain,
That hymn of all the helpless, "Jesus Lover of My Soul"
'Twas if a sound from Heaven thro, "House of Heal-
ing" stole

And then the awful silence that follow'd made me feel,
That God had heard in Heaven this pitiful appeal,
I listen'd long to hear it, it came to me no more,
The lips were sealed that sung it, his soul had gone
"before."

The Soldier on the "stretcher" at window by my side,
I turn to him to tell you the way in which he died,
I saw his lips were moving in whisper'd, earnest prayer
As if his soul was sueing for God's sweet mercy there,
Thank God! I was mistak'n as sequel now will show,
This soldier was a christian and had been long ago,
'Twas not the fear of dying that made him thus to pray
He pray'd for those who loved him and who were far
away.

Ere long the moonlight faded, and day began to dawn,
And soon night's sable curtain was silently withdrawn,
Upon his scanty pallet the stern old soldier lay,
Lay there his body only, his soul had pass'd away,
The soldier on the "stretcher" his life was in him yet,
But sun of his existence, Alas! was nearly set.
There came to him at day-light, a youth fifteen or more
Came to the stretcher weeping, and knelt upon the floor,
"Ah, Benny! darling boy" why do you moan and cry?
Oh! Papa! Papa! Papa! How can I see you die?
"For down here Mother sent me, told me to bring you
home.

As soon as you were able and you will never come.

Told me to come and help you in ev'ry way you need,
And now what I must tell her, her very heart will bleed
"Cheer up" Benny, cheer up do not lament me so
I am all right up yonder and not afraid to go,
All night I have been praying that God would shield
and care

For mother and her lov'd ones and He has heard my
prayer.

Ben! were my lives a thousand instead of only one,
I'd give them to my country, as freely as I've done
The one you see me yielding without a trace of fear,
To win my country's freedom nor is the price too dear.

And now my words at parting, remember and revere
The Cause for which I'm dying, and hold it ever dear
And now, farewell my boy! for I am nearly done,
But ere my breath shall leave me there is one thing,
only one,

Go home and tell your mother whom I no more shall see
Tell her to show to others, a courage worthy me,
Tell her I lov'd my country, and bore its banner high,
Upon the field of battle, and dar'd for it to die.

He ceas'd, his voice fail'd him but over his noble face
There stole a smile of gladness, as if the Prince of
Peace

Himself had bid him welcome to His resplendent sphere
As He will say to others who do their duty here.

"PAT CLEBURNE AND HIS DIVISION"

Cleburne! Prince of daring souls,
Pride of the true and brave,
Thy valor history extols,
Thy glory crowns the grave.

Thy brave division won its way
To fame by valor's grace,
Which makes e'en Balaklava's Day,
Seem tame and commonplace.

Ah, Franklin sad, what mem'ries rise
At mention of thy name,
'Tis here heroic Cleburne dies
In all his spotless fame.

His brave line waver'd not at all
 Beneath that leaden hail,
 It simply died—death can forestall
 And make the bravest fail.

But grander height is his today,
 Than one you sought to wrest,
 Each man of thine a Marshal, Ney,
 And each one glory's guest.



JEFFERSON DAVIS

He stands in history alone, unique, distinct, apart,
 The very pathos of whose throne still touches every
 heart.

The solitary ruler he, of millions of brave men,
 Whose mighty struggle to be free will be recorded when
 The principles for which they fought in future days
 arise
 Eternal as the race itself, aye one which never dies.

A soul as white as Alpine snow, a life without a stain,
 "And men may come and men may go," but Davis will
 remain.

His calm heroic soul withstood the infamy of chains,
 By one whose base ignoble act his life and record stains
 Avenging history will require the wrong he suffers now
 And place the mark of shame aright on his traducer's
 brow.

THE RAG OF TREASON

(So called by a Northern Speaker)

Call it "Rag of Treason" call it what you may,
 Its honor and its glory will never fade away;
 A Lee and Stonewall Jackson bore it in triumph high,
 The world's best men have lov'd it and dar'd for it to
 die.

How grand it waved in battle, tho' torn by shot and
shell
And fluttered to the music of Southern soldier's yell;
It never knew dishonor, on any battle field,
Nor was its glory tarnished when numbers made it
yield.

Fair hands of Southern ladies prepar'd it for the brave,
The hearts of Southern heroes made it in triumph wave
Manassas, Appomatox, all true to such a trust,
No coward ever bore it, or trail'd it in the dust.

Beneath this Southern Banner the peerless Ashby rode
Within whose ardent bosom the love of country glow'd,
The bold, yet youthful Pelham, the music of whose
guns
Was heard with martial joy by Alabama's sons.

Fitz Lee, the gay and gallant, the dashing cavalier,
And Hampton, Southern Bayard, above reproach or
fear
And Pettigrew and Pender beneath the Stars and Bars
Show'd Carolina's mettle, and shone as battle-stars.

And scores of other leaders whom fond affection holds,
Did battle for their country and died beneath its folds.
A "Rag of Treason!" perish such an ignoble thought,
For not a single traitor beneath it ever fought.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Suggested by the Gettysburg Re-union in July, 1913.
The summer night was warm and bright,
And rich with gems of Heaven's light
Aadromeda and blood-red Mars
Sweet empire shar'd with other stars,
No vagrant breath of am'rous air,
Disturb'd the sleeping heroes there,
If dreams they had, their dreams were born
Of battle on the coming morn.

The morning comes, none ever came
More fateful in the dreadful game
We know as war, up rose the sun,
Red as the work 'twill shine upon
Ere it declines, yet be it said
Ere it shall find its Western bed
That glory came to Blue and Gray
Enough for both to last for aye.

The Night of July 3rd, 1863

In such a time as rang the chime
So fateful in the minstrel's rhyme
When from the fleecy clouds she rose
In all the charms she may disclose
The moon her crescent lustre shed
Upon the dying and the dead
Beneath her lay that proud array
That on the day with spirit gay
And faces flush'd, or wreath'd in smiles
Had charg'd those mass'd, protected files
Of Blue, that with a stubborn will
Met them on yon contested hill,
Here had they courted death with cheers,
(Enough to move an angel's tears.)

Night of July 3rd, 1913.

The screaming shell, the ringing yell,
The loud huzzahs that rose and fell
No more invade this peaceful dell
Between those ridges, ev'rywhere
Peace reigns, tho' Blue and Gray are there.

Aye, bivouacking side by side
On field where their brave comrades died;
No more around the trampled ground
The cohorts wheel, no more shall sound
The tell-tale guns, the awful roar
Of conflict, battle, nevermore
The trumpet's hoarse, defiant bray
When brother would his brother slay

The grass now grows, the South wind blows
Upon this field where friends, not foes,
Have met together and to bind
This glorious Union heart and mind
Fragrance and loveliness once more
The ruffled elements shall pour
While from her run the green earth showers
The sweet oblivion of her flowers,
And sections, once in dread array,
Are reconcil'd, and passed away
All rancor, once as raging blood
Extinguished in heroic blood

In days, when questions, North and South
Were voic'd at the cannon's mouth,
And settled then, agreeing quite
Each fought for what he deem'd was right,
And now resolv'd that nevermore,
Shall brothers shed each others gore
That North and South as heritage
Claim valor of that mighty age,
To be transmitted, no more marr'd
By prejudice, or phrases hard,
When none shall ask or misconstrue
Who wore the Gray, who wore the Blue.

Inscribed to the memory of Colonel Ashley
Horne, whose princely generosity made his mon-
ument possible.

THE WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES

The woman of the sixties, oh! how it thrills and stirs
All Southern hearts recalling that history of hers,
No artist's brush can paint it, no poet can portray,
Her spirit sacrificial in that heroic day.

They sing of Spartan mothers such mothers never knew
What women of the sixties felt called upon to do.

Alone for love of Southland and of its glorious cause,
The cause of Southern Freedom of liberties and laws.

Tho' husbands, sons and fathers, she to her country
gave,
And proved herself full worthy of bravest of the brave
When sad farewells were given, she checked the rising
sigh
And checked the burning tear drop that sparkled in
her eye.

The mighty shout of victors, that made the welkin ring
The stubborn foe retreating that made the trumpets
sing,
She heard not, but in silence—she read the awful roll,
The list of kill'd and wounded—the battle's awful toll.

Perhaps her fair-haired boy is numbered with the slain,
Maybe her loving father or husband, Ah, the pain,
To bear all this in silence, with no one standing near
To soothe her in her sorrow, or stay the burning tear.

She laid aside the satins and silks she used to wear,
And clad herself in homespun the better to prepare
For scenes of pain and sorrow where sick and wounded
lay,
Where she like mercy's angel, car'd for them night
and day.

And her luxurious table with tempting viands spread,
In days of peace and plenty, now scarcely gave her
bread,
And still she did not murmur enough for her to know
She kept the men from starving who bravely fac'd the
foe.

Her home tho' it were humble, magnificent or grand,
Its doors were ever open to that heroic band,
Whose valor has been written on every bloody field
'Til overwhelming numbers alone had made them yield.

And when defeat had darkened her once fair Southern
land,

And marks of desolation were seen on every hand,
With words of cheer and welcome, she cheer'd the broken
hearts

Of South's surviving heroes by her sweet gentle arts.

Her fair hand plac'd the flowers above the gallant dust
Of those who died in battle, to her a sacred trust,
Oh, true heroic woman, thy memory should live
Forever in the tokens a grateful South can give.

Oh, Woman of the Sixties we honor thee today,
In monumental marble, and may it ever stay,
To teach our children's children, generations yet unborn
Thy worth commemorated by noble Ashby Horne.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day—What Mem'ries rise
Of stirring scenes neath Southern skies,
Long, long ago.

When Southrons rose with courage high,
And flinging banners to the sky,
Rush'd on the foe.

Oh, glorious days, when Dixie came,
When patriotism was aflame
In every one:

When greedy, grasping souls were few,
When men, and not the checks they drew,
Were looked upon.

Brave days! When cowardice and shame
Were link'd together, meant the same,
And wore the brand
Of infamy, which ever clings
To him who skulks when Freedom sings,
For native land.

And yet Virginia sought to stay
The storm she knew would sweep away
 The ties that bound
This mighty Union drench with blood
Her sacred soil, did all she could
 That peace be found.

But when she knew peace could not be,
Except on terms of infamy,
 She did not cower;
'Mid perils coming fast and thick
She did not quail, not hers to lick
 The hand of power.

And when the mandate thundered forth
For sons to muster with the north,
 'Gainst South combine,
'Twere vain to ask, much less demand,
That this old Commonwealth should stand
 In such a line.

No, No! Virginia did disclose
The foes of Southland were her foes
 In every sense,
Did not betray in any form,
But bar'd her bosom to the storm
 In its defense.

Indeed, proud Old Virginia rose,
Unaw'd by all her myriad foes
 Or war's alarms:
Aye, from the mountains to the sea
Her yeomen and her chivalry,
 All sprang to arms.

Ah! sad farewells those days were spok'n,
As tenderest ties on earth were brok'n,
 And crush'd for aye,
Then mothers wept and sisters cried
In seeing lov'd ones from their side
 All torn away.

With knapsack and a suit of gray ;
Oh can I e'er forget that day,
Nor it recall,
When I a lad her voice obey'd,
And on Virginia's alter laid
My life, my all,

I see the long brave line of gray
Again this sad Memorial day
In battle line ;
Hear trumpets sing, hear cannons roar,
Of Auld Lang Syne.

A moment more, the word is giv'n,
Then shook the hills as thunder riven,
With uproar dire ;
The bullets hiss, I feel their breath,
As past they speed in quest of death,
As tho' in ire.

The litter and the ambulance,
I see again as back I glance ;
But worse than all,
Mine ears respond—I hear again
The moan of woe, the cry of pain,
Of those who fall.

And By the moon-beam's ghostly light,
Slain comrade with their faces white,
Turn'd to the sky,
With eyes unclosed, and in whose stare
Still shone the light of those who dare
For us to die.

Oh, never to my latest breath
Can I forget these scenes of death,
And courage grand,
When peerless Southern valor gave
A glorious lesson to the brave
Of every land.

Aye, call them "traitors," call it "crime,"
Yet they have made our land sublime,
And ever will,
For painter's skill and poet's song
Their deathless glory will prolong
Through ages still.

Ye sons and daughters of such sires,
Will ye allow the hallowed fires
That warmed their souls
Grow cold and dead, or even cow'r,
Tho' Mammon's sway or Lucre's power
The world controls?

Thank God, the daughters still revere
The cause their mothers held so dear
For which they wrought;
The cause of fathers who have seal'd
Devotion on each bloody field
On which the fought.

A few more years, Ah! sad refrain,
The roll is call'd, 'tis call'd in vain,
For we no more
Will answer "Here" as in the past,
The soul survivor joins at last
All gone before.

Yet glorious Southern Womanhood,
Which ever stands for what is good,
These can we trust,
Dear Comrades, when we leave this scene,
To guard and keep our mem'ry green,
When we are dust.

Pettigrew's Division, as Seen From Cemetery
Ridge in the Battle of Gettysburg,
July 3rd 1863.

"What men are those in jackets gray,
With Banners torn, that come this way
Across the plain?
Who make no pause, without a break
Save gaps the Union cannon make,
Which close at once as comrades take
The place of slain?"

No need to ask, Meade's army knew
How brave, how chivalrous, how true
Are those led on by Pettigrew
This fateful day.
Heroes who fought at Gaines's Mill,
Heroes, who charged at Malvern Hill,
Aye, these are they.

"Will they not pause, will they not quail,
When front and flank you both assail?"
No not at all.
For naught but death, aye death alone
Can halt these heroes rushing on
This rocky wall."

And now the vollied thunders flew
That swept the ranks of Pettigrew
With carnage dire.
Tho' cannons roar like blasts from Hell
And muskets roar with hissing shell,
They rush on with defiant yells
And dare that fire.

The wall is reached. Alas! how few
Of those who charg'd with Pettigrew
Across that plain

Are left to tell the thrilling story
Of Carolina's deathless glory—
Her heroes slain.

Mourn Carolina, mourn the most
For sons in that heroic host
Who died for you.
Love seal'd in blood, the records show
No greater loss, no braver foe
Than were thy sons, who dar'd to go
With Pettigrew.

Thy Twenty-Sixth, eight hundred strong,
(Oh, e'er in story and in song
This should excel)
Eight hundred when the charge begun,
But eighty when the charge was done,
Seven hundred fell.

Ye sons and daughters of such sires,
Will ye allow heroic fires
That warm'd their souls,
To go unsung in sordid age
Tho' money's sway and Mammon's rage
The world controls.

X THE "GRAND OLD SILENT SOLDIER"

Grand Old Silent Soldier, thy memory we revere,
As of a foe, though bitter, yet as a friend sincere,
For when at Appomattox, when horrors of defeat
Had settled down upon us, and ruin was complete.

When army of Virginia no longer could oppose,
With its battalions wasted, the myriads of its foes,
Compelled by circumstances its glorious flag to lower,
That flag so oft in triumph, which it had borne before.

Ah, well do we remember the sorrows of that hour,
When Lee's once mighty army was wholly in thy power;
And yet no exultation, no shouts of triumph rose,
Aye, no humiliation for honorable foes.

Lee's sword, you would not take it, had it been offered
thee,
'Twas guarantee sufficient—the word of Robert Lee,
Though taciturn and silent, as was thy want, that
day,
One sentiment you uttered that cannot pass away.

'Twas, "Take your horses, Boys, for you will need them
now,
Go back to your plantations, and hitch them to the plow,
'Tis time for early sowing, for season is at hand,
When you can utilize it, and cultivate the land."

"Spare, oh, spare the vanquished," Great Hannibal did
cry
As he surveyed the slaughter of Romans at Cannae:
Thus did this grand soldier, great Ulysees S. Grant,
As he beheld Lee's army, with march and famine gaunt.
Hence "Grand Old Silent Soldier!" we join in just ac-
claim,
That evermore will waft thee to honor and to fame,
As one who twice had conquered Lee's brave, heroic
host
By arms and then by kindness, when "Southern Cause"
was lost.

And when at last, affliction, both cruel and severe,
Had laid its hand upon thee, and death was drawing
near
Our Southern hearts, in pity, went out in grief for thee
As one to be remembered along with peerless Lee.

JACKSON AND FOREST

Forest the peerless, genius immense,
Impersonation of war's common-sense,
Perfection in planning, unerring in blow,
The true test of power, the rout of the foe.

Jackson on horse-back, Southern Murat,
Whose aim was success, not dazzling eclat,
Cyclonic in action, vain to resist—
Whate'er he aim'd at, blow never missed.

Jackson and Forest, twin battle-stars,
Infantry, cavalry, defeat never mars,
The science of war each saw at a glance,
Knew when to await and when to advance.

Napoleon at Lodi, saving the day,
Hannibal charging at awful Cannae,
Forerunners of both, each cast in the mould
Of genius surpassing, far-seeing and bold.

Not born to obey, but theirs to demand
Each, freedom of playing his masterful hand,
Both chaffing with shackles, both pin'd to be free,
Unhinder'd in striking their blow when they see

The enemy's weakness, held in restraint
When foemen were beaten and ready to faint,
At fierce Chickamauga, see Forrest's "gorge rise"
As martinet holds him from seizing the prize.

Aye, held in restraint like a lion at bay,
And eager to spring, yet losing the prey,
Small wonder the wrath, of the Titan arose
When weakling allowed th' escape of his foes

The pride of two armies in dust are ye now,
Yet garlands of glory encircle each brow,
And the nations of earth have no greater name,
Than Jackson, or Forrest in their temples of fame

GETTYSBURG—The Second

We meet again, the Blue and Gray,
Not as we met before,
As foes in battle's stern array,
But brothers evermore.

The loud huzzah, the ringing yell,
Like two opposing seas
Of voices, no longer swell,
Defiant on the breeze.

But Blue and Gray commingle now
And show to all that live,
Yes, show to all the world just how,
Brave soldiers can forgive.

The flag that floats on yonder height,
That flag is mine today,
The emblem of our nation's might,
And that it came to stay.

See yonder hill, both long and large,
There fifty years ago,
Brave Pickett's men made greatest charge
The world has ever known.

Seen thro' the mist of vanish'd years,
Emotions deep and strong,
Come over me; I write in tears
That fain would blur my song

That courage such as theirs should fail
That valor such should lose,
That fate against them should prevail,
And victory refuse.

'Twas best, we see it thus today,
Such valor was not lost,
This glorious Union came to stay
In spite of any cost.

Both sides were true to what was right,
Seen by opposing eyes,
'Twas this that nerv'd their hearts to fight
And die to win the prize.

United now, let rancor cease,
And brothers all agree
To win the victories of peace,
On land as well as sea.

The Starry Banner, let us love,
That thousands died to save
And thank the Lord it waves above
A people free and brave.



ROBERT EDWARD LEE

As soft'ning centuries come and go,
His fame will but the greater grow,
The prestige of his spotless name
His country will be proud to claim.
The North, the South, the East, the West.
Alike will honor Lee, the best,
The highest, noblest type of man,
Yet genuine American.
In war a sword without a stain,
In peace so gentle and humane,
That hostile critics were unarm'd,
And prais'd the man they would have harm'd.
His name, as moveless as the base
Of yonder mountain from its place,
Lee, an immortal, cannot die,
Fix'd star in fame's eternal sky,
Where none will ever brighter be
Than name of Robert Edward Lee.

OPEN YOUR COLLAR! JIM!

"Old Jim" was "up" for murder, and color of his skin
Was fearfully suggestive of nature of his sin,

And when the prosecution, with argument was done,
 "The negro must be guilty" concluded ev'ry one.
 Then rose and old confederate, whose bent and wasted
 form,

And empty sleeve spoke mutely of battle's awful storm
 "Your Honor! if you please Sir! a word I'd like to say,
 In prisoners behalf Sir! before I go away,"

Speak out said His Honor for day will never be
 When any ex-Confederate appeals in vain to me
 My hand forget its cunning, my tongue cleave to my
 mouth,

Ere I deny a hero who battled for the South.

"Your Honor!" in the "sixties" that negro at the bar
 Went joyfully with me and brother to the war,
 And he was true to South Sir! as needle to the pole,
 For on the day of battle he answer'd to the roll,
 And fought for it as bravely as any man could do
 When hissing shells were flying and deadly bullets too,
 Well Sir! down at Franklin, my brother wounded lay,
 Between the lines of battle upon that awful day
 And no one dar'd to venture, or face the fearful fire.

To bring him back to safety, tho' it were their desire,
 Forgive me, I forget Sir! the one who dar'd to go
 In spite of leaden hail Sir! now coming from the foe,
 The prisoner before you, 'twas he upon that day
 Leapt o'er the wall and ran sir! to where my brother lay
 Altho' a piece of shell, Sir! near tore his breast away,
 He took him in his arms, Sir! tho' bleeding from his
 wound,

The blood of each, commingling and falling to the
 ground,

And brought him back to safety, and I may say to life,
 For he surviv'd the battle and liv'd beyond the strife,
 And Jim's poor life today Sir! why I would hazard mine
 To save him from the gallows, that punishment con-
 dign.

Your Honor! Jim's not guilty in any moral sense,
 He would not kill a fly Sir! except in self-defense.
 I've known him all his life Sir! and I can testify

“That Jim’s too good a “nigger!” just like a dog to die,
Now, open your collar, “Jimmy!” and let the jury see
The proof of love and valor, and they will set you free,
Then Jim he rose up slowly, and laid his bosom bare,
Once torn and rent and bleeding, the cruel scars were
there,

And then forthwith the jury spoke up there and then,
“The prisoner is not guilty, Your Honor! gentlemen,
Poor old Jim he spoke not, but down his wither’d face,
The burning tears were stealing, his scars had won his
case.

THE GRAVE OF PETTIGREW

In soil of sweet Bonarva, ’mid scenes
his childhood knew,
In the land of those who loved him is
grave of Pettigrew.

Ye sons of Carolina, this sacred spot
revere,
For history has written, a hero’s dust is
here.

From list of shining heroes, base envy cannot
sever,
In fame’s bright constellation his star will
shine forever.

Before the day of action he saw with vision
keen,
The coming of the conflict and battle’s
bloody scene.

He laid aside the studies, prepared for
peaceful days,
And made himself familiar with war and
all its ways.

And when the North determined the South
to over-ride,

He drew his sword to shield her, nor sheathed
it till he died.

And as the tide of battle roll'd on in blood
and fire,
The star of his bright genius rose higher
and yet higher,

Could it have reach'd its zenith, filled measure
of his fame,
Among the world's great captains had been
enrolled his name.

Alas! at Falling Waters, the priceless hero
fell,
Surrounded by the legions he led and lov'd
so well.

Tho' long their forms have vanish'd from ev'ry
human eye,
Yet Pettigrew and Pickett are names
that cannot die.

He mov'd on life's high levels, and breath'd
an atmosphere
Beyond the shafts of envy, above reproach
or fear.

I would the power of painting in words that can-
not die
Were mine t' immortalize him, this soldier brave
and high.
To live in song and story, none worthier than he,
Along with Peerless Stuart and dashing Fitzhugh
Lee.

Love him Carolina, in Life he honor'd you,
For ne'er within thy borders was born a son more
true,
Let neither time or distance his memory obscure
But be it bright and honor'd in annals evermore.

THE CUMBERLAND TROOPS

Inscribed to the late Dr. W. L. Robinson, of Danville, Va., a member of that famous troop.

The old Cumberland Troops was organized long before the war, composed of the best material in the County, and as the members became too old, their places were filled by their sons. From Williamsburg through all the battles of Northern Virginia and Pennsylvania, including Manassas, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, Seven Pines, the raid around McClellan, Cold Harbor, back to Appomattox where Lee ordered them to lay down their arms, they were ever present and in the thickest of the fight. At Mitchell's Shop they charged ten thousand cavalry under orders from Gen'l Wickham, and as I sat near the head of the column and heard Wickham's order to Capt. Mathews to charge down that road, when he should have known the cruel absurdity of the attempt, for the 4th Virginia cavalry was then coming back torn and repulsed, and with our little squadron of less than 100 men to be hurled into the jaws of death without any hope of success seemed a cruelty unpardonable. I hear now Capt. Mathews, that gallant leader, reply: "General, how far do you want me to go?" "Clean through and come out the other side of them," said Wickham.

THE CUMBERLAND TROOP

Vain task were his who would recount
All that their courage did surmount
In duty's line, the cannon's roar,
The clash of steel, fields red with gore
Could never turn their fearless line,
Or make them show one craven sign.

They, when the smoke of battle rose,
No laggards had, each gladly chose
The post of danger, with a cheer,

When roll was called he answered, "Here"
 No question ask'd save what to do
 Nor counted foes, tho' great or few,
 To die, if need be, at the call
 Of duty always, one and all.

Their history written in their blood,
 On many fields, where they withstood
 The shock of battle, we, today
 Should make their record last for aye.

But we must pause and emphasize
 One daring charge, that still defies
 Comparison, unique, alone,
 A charge that by its record shown,
 And tested by the light of truth,
 Surpasses all, indeed forsooth,
 E'en Balaklava commonplace
 Compared to this, seen as we trace
 Its daring features, side by side
 With that which rouses British pride.

Mitchell's Shop! prosaic name!
 And yet what glorious, fadeless fame,
 Encircles it since that great hour
 When Cumberland's chivalry and flower,
 In squadron without hope of aid,
 Undaunted, charged a whole brigade
 Of chosen troopers brave and true,
 "The bravest of the brave in Blue."

And now the clash of arms arose
 Midst dust, obscuring friends from foes,
 The loud huzza, the ringing yell
 Of Southrons that we lov'd so well;
 The sabre's clash, the ring of steel,
 The pistol's crack, the cannon's peal
 Proclaim to each and ev'ry one
 The dreadful conflict had begun.

From horses swept by fearful fire
Brave Carter's shatter'd ranks retire,
In broken line, the moment came
For Cumberland's undying fame,
When Wickham, riding up perceives
The sight which a great leader grieves,
His broken line in wild retreat
Before the foe, their rout complete.

But gallant Wickham knew his men,
And turned to dauntless Matthews then,
Whose squadron in reserve to meet
The enemy, in case defeat
Should overtake him, and he said,
"Captain! charge must now be led,
At once against the rushing foe,
Or all is lost, as well we know,"
"How far, General, must I go?"
"Clear through," and though his face was pale,
Yet Mathews knew not how to quail,
At sight of odds, however great,
When battling for his native state.

"Men of Cumberland," said he,
"Think whence you are and who you be,
Remember now and follow me."

Quick as a flash with rousing cheer,
Forthwith they rush'd, again we hear
The clash of arms, the dread uproar,
Which but a moment ceased before,
Burst forth again as foes withstand
The peerless Troop of Cumberland.

Tho' comrades fall, yet, on they go,
Undaunted by the dreadful blow,
When their brave leader, Mathews, falls
His body torn by musket balls,
Nor did they pause, (as laggards do)
'Til foemen's line was cloven through.

A baker's dozen but remain,
Rest wounded, captur'd, or else slain,
For each one fought "As tho' 'twere he
On whose sole arm hung victory."

The Thrill of comradeship denied

To bouy them, they fought and died
In single combat and alone,
'Gainst numbers twenty times their own.
No armies saw them to applaud,
And ev'ry act of daring laud,
No "Six Hundred," "Light Brigade,"
A squadron with no hope of aid,
No mighty army in reserve,
Inspiring hope, or giving nerve
To arms that dar'd to cleave a way
Thro' serried ranks of foes that day.

No more of this! it stands alone,
This peerless "charge," no glamour thrown
Around it by a poet's song,
Yet as the light beats on it strong,
In spite of all that others tell
It stands without a parallel.

"O'ercome at last," the coward cries,
(The base poltroon, who sells his lies,)
"By equal numbers" we repeat,
Those Troopers never knew defeat,
O'erwhelmed by sheer brute force alone,
Defeated not, but overthrown.

Indeed, there never trod the earth,
Trac'd backward to its very birth,
A Troop, or Squadron, that could boast,
That it had conquered such a host,
"With equal numbers," death alone
Could halt its line when charging on,

AT PEACE

The fallen vet'rans "Blue" and "Gray"
Are sleeping side by side
Where a great nation came to stay,
Where a great nation died.

The loud huzza, the ringing yell
Like two opposing seas
Of voices no longer swell
And float upon the breeze.
Shall we their mem'ries thrust aside
In this gain-seeking age,
Our crown of glory and our pride,
From annals tear this page.

Allow thro' lapse of years or time
their memories to fade,
Oh! this were treason, this were crime.
"Gainst the heroic dead.

THE MODERN UTOPIA

Chapter 1

Some writer says, (dispute who can)
The study chief of man, is man,
This theme, no doubt, affords a field
Immense to such as love to wield
Their talents in a varied way
Without regard to fame or pay.

Perhaps a few examples here
May serve to make the subject clear,
First, one in a religious light
Makes man his study day and night,
And striking on some happy hint
A volumn rushes into print
To prove by argument prodigious
That man's an animal religious,

Says, one with scientific bent,
'Tis knowledge only will prevent
Man's falling back to savage state
And loudly cries out "Educate!"

Another says, 'tis "Exercise"
On battlefields make nations rise,
Perhaps it does, but after all
To make one rise must others fall,
Yet strange to say it, "none abide,"
But perish all in time and tide.
Since Plato's day has never been
A lack of such ideal men,
Who have imagin'd that they saw
Perfection in a human law,
And hence, that mankind could be brought
To do just right, as sure they ought.

No need to delve far in the past
For proof of this, we have at last,
A full and very modern date
On which we may expatiate
Ad libitum, nor be denied
We liv'd while theory was tried.

For instance, Europe growing old,
Became too small for it to hold
Its population, in a strait
To save it from Malthusian fate,
As luck would have it in the "nick"
Of time Discov'ry turn'd the trick
By finding to the West there lay
Another World, tho' far away.

Yet none too far for famishe'd souls
Who dream of land where plenty rolls,
A continent, a world wherein
All theorizers could begin
Anew with nothing in the way
To hinder, as in Plato's day,

For sure, another chance was giv'n
Once more to turn the world to Heav'n,
Where human beings could be brought
To full perfection, human thought
Untrammel'd, free at once could find
Republic of Platonian mind.

Hail Mighty Era! which consign'd
Another world in which mankind
In what in Old they fail'd to do
They might accomplish in the new.
For are not all new worlds intended
To show where old ones can be mended.
In full concurrence with this scheme
Which tallies with the poet's dream,
And adds immense eclat and glory
To certain styles of oratory
By which the world has been upset,
And "all the fools are not dead yet."

Greek Plato first on fancy drew

For State ideal, which is true
And practically had been no doubt
The one enthusiasts rave about,
And tho' a failure, Plato's plan,
Will never lose its weight with man
For modern sages yet maintain
'Tis feasible, and would explain,
Nay fairly clinch it when they say
"The fault alone was Plato's day."

'Tis time to note the varied range
Of ideas which the change
This wonderful Discov'ry wrought
In all the realms of human thought;
The grasping miser dream'd at night
Of heaps of gold and jewels bright,
Adventurers foresaw a field,
Which would enough excitement yield.

To tempt them now beyond the wave
 Where glory waits, or hero's grave;
 Ambitious souls also gave way
 To dazzling dreams of regal sway
 Wherein no formidable foe
 Would dare confront with battle's show;
 For mark you, it is best to trace
 A line or two of a great race
 Who in Utopia lived before
 A white man's foot was on its shore;
 A crafty and a cruel race,
 Who liv'd by hunting and by chase,
 Uncivilized, unskilled, untaught,
 Yet capable of lofty thought.

To conquer them mere bagatelle,
 And yet 'twould answer just as well,
 For sure success is all the same,
 Tho' foes be fierce, or foes be tame,
 Provided ocean's roll between
 One's home and a far distant scene,
 And one may say, and have no fears,
 None lie like foreign travelers,
 Concerning shores, which they alone
 Have ever seen or ever known,
 Example, Caesar's Commentaries,
 How widely from the truth he varies
 We cannot tell, nor will, since Gaul
 To contradict left naught at all,
 "Enchantment," not alone "to mounts,"
 Does distance lend, but fierce accounts
 Of dreadful battles never fought,
 Of deeds of daring never wrought,
 'Tis useless to suspect a lie
 Without the proof to "nail" it by;
 Or seek to soil established fame
 Unless you nullify the same,
 And hence the most of history
 Is but an undisputed lie.

I must return, 'tis my intent
To stick to history, nor invent
Some other things than one in hand—
The progress of Utopian Land.

The Model Grand, the first of all
That hither came "went to the wall,"
Tho' to construct, expound, explain,
Requir'd Europe's biggest brain,
Meanwhile Utopia became
Asylum for the poor and lame
The impotent, who hitherto,
Had stay'd at home with naught to do,
Except in jails to pine away
For debts which they could never pay,
While noble scamps were hither sent
In exile, or in banishment,
Since Monarchs deeded States away
To them for fear they would not stay,
Beyond all doubt such crowd before
Had never flocked to any shore.

Of course, in such a motley state
'Tis needful to discriminate
If we would follow by the line
We mapp'd out in this great design
Of full perfection, when the chance
Was given man by circumstance,
And how "world-beaters" would disport
Themselves without a King or Court
To hinder them so far away,
What they might either do or say
Of no account, but each one still
Could have his way as well as will,
For absent Monarchs hold him true,
Who pays the tribute when 'tis due
This being settled we proceed
And give to each and all his meed;
And first, the churchly man divin'd
His mission was the savage mind.

So, leaving home with godly flock
He landed on a barren rock,
In wilderness, and 'gan to preach
To savages, also to teach
A blind belief in iron creed
Out-worn, but new to one in need,
This blessing, too, with many others,
He bore to his benighted brothers,
And who in case of non-compliance
With his desire, or defiance
Of such a gospel, and upset
The rules of christian etiquette,
Tho' to the marvelous inclin'd,
If still the simple, savage mind
Refuses Gospel of this kind,
And clings to gods of wood and stone,
And will not worship One Unknown,
Why in this case, of course the church
Would never leave him in the lurch,
But as its motto was "Success,"
Utopia was one savage less.
That is, preferr'd the lesser evil
Of sending one man to the devil
To save the rest, why it is plain
The Church's motive was humane.

And still Utopia wax'd and grew
Despite what doctrinaires could do,
Grew strong enough ere long and broke
The chains that bound to foreign yoke,
Which left the field, entire clean
For new beginning on this scene.
Of course Utopia's foremost men,
To use a phrase, "got busy then,"
Some wanted Government so strong,
That people to it should belong,
Not it to them, 'til it became
A monarchy except in name,
While others taught and taught it well,
Why should Utopia rebel

'Gainst foreign yoke, yet build anew
One like the one they broke in too.

"Tho' long to tell, and sad to trace
Each step from glory to disgrace,"
Yet this is easier than to find
The motives of the human mind,
For instance in the present case
What motive could you ever place
In hearts of men, whose blood was shed
On battlefields by patriots led
Against the foe, then turn around
For slavery on native ground,
Mistrust the people, tell me please,
Do tyrants teach aught else than these,
Yet they were patriots, can we doubt
Their motives were the best without
Impeaching lives that had been spent
In perils for free government,
And they prevail'd, Utopia
Began again, Organic Law
With "powers implied" to forge a yoke
More hateful than the one they broke.

God raises men the Scriptures teach
To do His will and nobly preach
Without regard to fear or fate
'Gainst errors both in Church and State,
So now he "rais'd up" man and sage,
Who was the marvel of his age,
A myriad-minded man who saw
Results of having too much Law,
Who taught that government should be
The servant, and the people free,
And dar'd in spite of ev'ry ban
To teach equality of man,
Free press, free speech, aye everything
That is distasteful to a king
To worship God, which bigots hate,
Just as one's conscience should dictate,

Or not at all, provided he
Left others equally as free,
That titles should be disallow'd
In all Utopia, men be proud
Of more ennobling things than those
A wicked monarch oft bestows
On such alone as win their fame
By a defence of monarch's shame.
For giving forth such views as those
Loud cries of "Leveler" arose,
And ev'ry vulgar compliment
Their rage and malice could invent,
A modern Cataline, who stood
For all that's evil, nothing good,
Yet bravely, calm'ly, without rage
He held his own until the age
In which he lived was brought around
And saw his doctrine good and sound,
Embrac'd it 'til his rivals saw
Him Ruler of Utopia,
Where by career of great designs
His name in full orb'd splendid shines.

As events great before us rise,
'Tis time at least to specialize,
Now bear in mind two people's great
Inhabited Utopian State.

Two types of man and far apart
On what they had in mind and in heart;
One liv'd where tropics all but glow,
The other in the realms of snow
Two-thirds well nigh of ev'ry year,
The other full of warmth and cheer.
But climate never can account
For racial difference, nor surmount
Obstacles one is forc'd to face
In solving problems of a race,
Tho', in the main, we may conclude
"The cold in clime, are cold in blood,"

Hence, two ideals wide apart,
Divided them in mind and heart;
The one would ape the Cavalier
And try to prove his title clear,
Not to a mansion in the skies
But one that stood before his eyes
A gentleman, whose pedigree
Was noble made beyond the sea,
Where Battle Abbeys witness bear
Ancestors were some "pumpkins" there,
If not over here, and hence they mov'd
Along the lines ancestors lov'd;
A life of ease, abhorring toil,
Tho' mainly owners of the soil,
Plantations almost without bounds,
A splendid house, a pack of hounds,
An overseer, slaves "galore"
(Could any monarch wish for more.)

Of course, beneath such system sprung,
Two types of men, the weak, the strong,
The "poor white trash" without pretence
To anything but indigence;
No wonder that the first despis'd,
All menial labor, serviliz'd,
The horny handed sons of toil
Regarded as their lawful spoil,
Upon whose stalwart backs to ride
To place and power in their pride,
While "poor white trash" with hat in hand
Were curtly told aside to stand,
In fact the latter stood in awe
Of all the royalty they saw.

Yet out of such conditions grew,
As I have said, men great and true,
Who struck the chains of privilege
And shackles from a slavish age,
And doctrines taught that time has shown
The best the world has ever known,

Aye taught, unknown since world began,
The glorious brotherhood of man.

But chapter second will relate
And give the picture of a State
Where an opposing type of man
First landed here, and then began
To mould and fashion right away.
Their scheme of an Utopian day,
And therefore without more ado,
We'll let that Chapter speak to you.

CHAPTER SECOND

About three hundred years ago,
As old colonial records show,
There sprung in these remoter ages,
One of the wisest of the sages,
Who ever at a venture drew
A plan of State or kingdom new.
Yet ere his story must be told,
Some patent truths should be unroll'd,
Which greatly will elucidate
His policy as to the State.
This first, then, must be borne in mind,
By those who wish to serve mankind,
That no invention can compete
With those producing bread and meat.
In ev'ry age, as well as this,
One's rations never came amiss;
E'en mighty Jupiter, is said
On Hybla's honey to have fed,
Each heathen god, all readers know,
Were famous all for "eating crow,"
Nor should one for a moment think
Great Cæsar did not eat and drink,
And be assur'd he did not slight
His own imperial appetite;
And hist'ry tells us Cicero,

Soon after Pompey's overthrow,
Ate readily "Cæsarian crow."
In short, we've not a grain of doubt,
Could all the facts be written out,
That empires rise or "go to rot,"
According as they are fed or not.
Nor science letters, skill or learning,
One's stomach ever kept from yearning,
Unless, embracing in their plan,
Away to soothe the inner man.
This organ empty, will excite
The poet to his highest flight,
Lend eloquence to lips all mute
Before, of either man or brute,
Whilst wit and wine, all mortals know,
Invariably together flow.
But to return: our hero knew,
Of course, of course, our statesmen knew
In street parlance, a thing or two;
That fame was only a gew-gaw
To one, who has an empty maw,
Tho' it should bear one to the skies,
Yet none so bent to win the prize
As set out with an empty belly,
To run the risk of cake and jelly.
And so a sudden change was wrought
In all our statesman's train of thought;
No more to be a doctrinaire
To draw a moral, split a hair,
By some contrivance he had found
The earth, not square, but nearly round,
Was never known to try to prove,
By Scripture, that "The Sun Do Move."
He talked about antipodes,
Because, he thought, no doubt that these
High-sounding words would make belief
Of all wise men he was the chief.
From one extreme into another
He ran, since he could run no further.
Political economy

His next employment, but he,
 No treatise ever read or saw,
 But intuition gave him law,
 Instead of books he bore instead,
 "The Wealth of Nations" in his head.
 This led him into speculation.
 Both for himself and for the nation,
 And sooth to say this latter spirit,
 His pushing offspring all inherit;
 Prefer to manage all affairs,
 Except their own, aye, "run on shares,"
 The world itself, provided they,
 In their own parlance, 'make it pay!
 Our Solon saw, with much distress,
 The land a howling wilderness.
 Not even mighty Hercules,
 Could clear the land of monster trees,
 And drag them off and make it fit
 For cultivation; so his wit
 Was set to work to hatch a way
 To have it done, and make it pay.
 Ere long he hit upon a plan,
 (In keeping with the very man,)
 To solve a problem which just now
 Had wrinkles wrought upon his brow.
 This was the plan he'd reccommend
 In working the desired end:
 From Africa the news had come
 That cannibals were sold for rum,
 And knowing these would help him solve
 The labor problem, 'gan revolve
 The mighty project to procure
 A ship load from this distant shore.
 He argued for co-operation—
 The beau-ideal of his nation,
 And truth to say, they all agreed,
 That cannibals would serve their need.
 And so e'relong the cargo came
 Of cannibals, both wild and tame,
 It seem'd at first the scheme would pay

Experience drove all hope away,
The climate was too cold and bleak,
The cannibals grew lean and weak.
'Necessity can have no law,'
Was utter'd by some luckless "saw,"
Who found himself within a place,
Which had no outlet, but disgrace,
And us'd it as a valid plea
To get out of his villiany.
If right and wrong can have no meaning,
If they are but the idle gleaning
Of men whose smooth and easy fate
Was never put to such a strait,
Then may we use it in the day—
When honesty has ceased to pay.
Some witty fellow tells us too,
(We only wonder how he knew,)
She is the mother of invention,
And other things we may not mention.
Well, if a time had ever been,
That called for all the wit of men,
That time was this, to free the nation
From this animal creation.
The good philosopher was dead,
Who put this notion in their head,
And if he now had been about,
Would found that time had put it out.
But his descendents did inherit,
the whole of his inventive spirit,
And quickly did they turn about
And find a way to get them out.
They shipped them Southward "in a trice,"
And sold them off at a good price.
What next, for verily it seems,
Their meat and drink consist in schemes,
Of self-advancement, while pretending
Another's rights to be defending.
Turn God, if possible to pelf
And traffic make of Hell itself.
All this, with many other things,
To notice, the chapter next brings.

CHAPTER THIRD

It happen'h in the course of time,
(Not Pollok's that is too sublime,)
That all the facts I herein pen.
Were seen and known of living men;
For 'tis our purpose in this place
To deal in facts, nor seek to trace
Man's future misery or grace,
How he is sav'd, or how he's lost,
But chief concerns that mighty host
Of cannibals, the wild and tame,
Which we have said from Afric came,
But in so doing we must trace
The darker outlines that deface
A lineage sprung alone in schism,
And muddled now with ev'ry "ism"
That men or devils could invent,
To keep from telling what they meant.
And so we will reiterate,
That prior chapter did relate
To an unique and novel trade,
That Modern Saints with Sinners made.
In chapter number two we tell
What to these "cannibals" befell,
Within a more congenial place,
The home of all the dusky race.
So, therefore without more ado,
His hist'ry there is brought to view.
Known, then, the animal creation,
Like man, has power of propagation,
Like him in many other senses,
Without regard to consequences.
But still their owners found a way
To make the dusky creatures "pay;"
Found him, besides, to be withal,
Well treated, a good animal:
In consequence, the owners grew
Immensely rich, as would ensue
To all, who mind their own affairs,
Nor say all things, except their prayers.

Oft, where the Nile, or Niger flows,
Through sunny wastes, and brightly throws
The gleaming sun-light from its breast,
His memory, at times, in quest
Of some dear object, deign'd to go,
But where it was he did not know.
He saw the dark and dismal day,
When he was seized and brought away
Across the deep and rolling sea,
(Ne'er seen before by such as he.)
Next of the cold and sterile soil,
Where first he was inur'd to toil,
The stinging and relentless snow,
The bitter, biting winds that blow,
Remorselessly through winters long,
Where even birds refuse a song.
Now, in a hospitable clime,
Where all the year was summer time,
Where lark and linnet sweetly sung,
Where field and farm with music rung;
Where, when the sun, its course had run,
And all their daily task was done,
Beneath some tall and stately tree,
Their keepers, sharing in their glee,
Unto the music of banjo,
They "tripp'd the light fantastic toe."
But best of all, their owners were
The keepers, they could love and fear;
No prating fools, who went around
To fill the earth with empty sound;
No vowing that their souls would melt
With pity they had never felt;
No turning systems inside out,
No social purist made to flout
Their placards in the face of men,
No more commandments than "The Ten,"
No civilization that eschews
All that is good for the refuse
And dregs of plutocratic snobs,
Of one who daily wrings and robs

Ill-gotten gains from sadder slaves
Than those the nation pets and saves.
A daring and impulsive race,
Which dreaded but one thing—disgrace.
By nature prone to ridicule
The cant of puritanic school,
Or trash of transcendental fool;
No cold and philosophic breed,
Dispensing virtues that they need;
No straight-laced ministers, whose shelves
Preach hell to all except themselves.

THE SAINTS

But volumes it would take to trace
The humors of the saintly race,
For since Pere Adam first began
To people this wide world with man,
There never has before existed
A people so perverse and twisted,
With vices, virtues, both so blended,
Where one began, the other ended,
No one could tell, and we despair
Of telling mankind what they are.
Red, brown and black, (in chief the latter,)
Seem mingled in their social platter.
All things in heav'n earth or hell,
(If they but serve their purpose well,)
They use without the least dismay,
Provided always, that it pay.
We have been told, their first appearance
Upon this earth, was interference
With things established long ago,
And which they tried to overthrow,
But in their turn were driv'n out
For being rather too devout.
Their deep abhorrence, too, of witches,
Of luxury and handsome breeches;
Their gloomy love and sour looks,
Their deep antipathies to books,
Save of the heavy, solemn kind,

Which treat of all to hell consign'd
Except themselves, their moral law,
Worse than Egyptian "bricks and straw;"
Their solemn, sanctimonious airs,
Their fondness for the longest prayers;
The rueful cant and nasal twang,
With which they either spoke or sang;
Their loud profession in all places
To sanctify the very traces,
The Devil wrote upon their faces
To mark them always, as his own,
No matter where they might have gone.
Yet all their cunning and conceit
Can never cover up the cheat,
For "wooden nutmegs" will betray
'A leaning not to virtue's way.'
'Tis well to recapitulate
At times, and thus more clearly state
What has been written once before,
For explanation's sake, no more,
Or else the story will be stale,
And "tedious as a twice-told tale."
Be it remembered then, the trade
The modern Saints with Sinners made,
Concerning cannibals, wherein
The Saint's abhorrence of the sin
Of selling those, which, later day
They found their equals ev'ry way
Does not appear; but now began
A war of word, that puzzled man.
For strange as it may seem, they strove
By ev'ry argument to prove,
That lines alone of latitude
Did separate the bad from good,
And that the Devil never stroll'd
In countries, where the climate's cold;
The modern earthly paradise
Were hedg'd about with snow and ice;
Frost-bitten piety the sort,
Admitting one to Heaven's Court,

Or frozen godliness alone,
 Were in demand around the throne
 That sin and shame are never found
 Where snow and ice and frost abound;
 That wickedness has its retreat
 Alone in climes of warmth and heat.

SAINTLY JEALOUSY

The Devil's workshop, it is said,
 Is found in ev'ry idler's head;
 No doubt, Old Nick, there often dwells,
 And makes a thousand little hells
 Of petty spites and jealousies,
 Of envy at another's ease.
 Indeed, no sore was ever found
 Like that immedicable wound,
 Inflicted, when a hated rival
 Contrives to rise by no contrival,
 Or help of ours, overleaping
 The bounds we set for his safe-keeping.
 Thus was it, as the sequel shows,
 With those, who bought and traded those
 Expensive animals, which found
 No sustenance on saintly ground.
 An animal, forsooth, till sold
 His value down in dollars told,
 Now found, when others made them pay,
 Their equals almost ev'ry way,
 Except in goodness, for the earth
 Trac'd backward to its very birth,
 Thro' countless ages, never knew
 A race so spotless and so true.

PHILOSOPHER AMONG THE SAINTS.

Now came a philosophic race
 With full abilities to trace
 The source of ev'ry ill or good,
 Befall'n mankind since the flood.
 These deep philosophers were giv'n

To speculate on earth as Heav'n,
Saw universal love prevading
The paths to glory, they were grading;
Saw all peoples, kindreds, tongues,
Mix, and nature do no wrongs;
Saw all prejudice and passion
Of natures foreign in one fashion;
Saw white and smutty Hottentot
Both boiling in a common pot,
And what one never reads in fable,
Both eating at a common table;
Saw Dutchman and his liebe bier
Dissolve and part for water clear;
Saw Erin and her sons forsake
Their hate of Britain, and partake
Of British cheer at British boards,
And even toast the House of Lords;
Saw valet and her queenly "marm"
In public, walking arm and arm;
Saw mistress and the smutty maid,
The genius and the worthless jade,
All on a level and a grade
Hence, Gentle Reader, do not doubt,
There's aught impossible, without
Some sudden freak shall mar the plan,
They'll prove that man is more than man,
And that ere long, the brute creation,
Will occupy his former station.
They soon began to agitate,
On what the term'd "the social state"
Of those, which on a former day,
They bargained for and sold away.
They fill' the land with wind and rant,
With stuff and sanctimonious cant,
Meanwhile, the cannibal content,
Perform'd the task, that he was sent,
And never dream'd the world without,
Was getting into grief about
Himself; 'twas pity thrown away,
Oh, no, have they not made it pay?

Next came a philanthropic tribe,
Which beggars language to describe,
Long, lank and lean, and hollow-eyed,
Tho' indigestion long had vied
With death itself, and left within
An aching void, where bile and sin,
In equal parts contrived to stay
And keep grim death alone at bay,
Dyspepsia, too their minds had seiz'd
And both were equally diseas'd.
Their mental eyelids hung within,
And not without, and hid the sin,
That others saw, yet they could see,
The mote, the smallest that could be,
That swam within a brother's eye,
And rais'd at once a hue and cry,
As if 'the devil were to pay,'
Unless said mote were mov'd away.
The beam that ever blurr'd their own
They ne'er so much as thought upon;
So great a blindness doth possess
Believers in self-righteousness,
That microscopes cannot detect
A single flaw in God's elect.
Altho' the Devil in his sleeves,
While looking through the web he weaves,
Is laughing at them, yet they go,
As if old mother earth below,
Would not exist another day,
Should Providence take them away.
That each and every age displays
Some vice peculiar to its days
They did admit, but 'twas before
Their race had trod the earthly floor,
That men would cheat and lie and steal
And cloak it with religious zeal;
That ev'n Quakers had been maim'd
Whipt at carts' tails because they nam'd
Religious freedom, Williams sent
Thro' pathless woods in banishment

To find in hearts of savage chiefs
A home and solace for his griefs.
Caligula drove his furious steeds
Thro' streets where his near kinsman bleeds;
Sylla and Marius prescribe
Rome's noblest for the meanest bribe;
Bobespierre for the horrid store,
That he had shed, of human gore,
Might find forgiveness for those crimes,
Defenceless even in those times,
But pardon grant they never shall
To one who owned a cannibal.
A nos moutons, we now return,
Where heroes for the conflict burn
Each lesser saint to greater bow'd,
Horse foot, dragoon, a motly crowd,
Until Utopia became
Confusion worse than a Bedlam.
Ye Gods! how wind and thunder roll'd,
From such as lately bought and sold,
With what pathetic frenzy told.
How cannibals from day to day,
In sighs and tears groaned life away.
At times, the saintly billingsgate
Was measureless, invoking fate,
And all the furies out of hell
To come at once the curse to quell:
Pronounc'd the "Writ" that gave them breath,
'A league and covenant with death,'
And leaving all the means they saw
Began to preach the "Higher Law,"
Tho' it should ruin fabric rear'd
By patriots whom the world rever'd,
For that alone which time would damn,
Without recourse to cant or sham,
Great souls there were on either side,
Who sought to stem the dreadful tide,
One, who in prophetic awe,
His country's desolation saw;
He warn'd them of their coming fate,

His sole reward—his country's hate.
 Another pray'd the beauteous Sun,
 Whose beams he last might gaze upon,
 Might never shine upon a State
 Drench'd in fraternal blood, but fate
 Took his capacious soul away
 Before the horrors of that day.
 It came, alas, the dreadful day,
 A million homes in mourning lay,
 As fire and sword in fury swept,
 O'er fields that late with harvests slept,
 And sow'd the earth, above, beneath,
 With Hell's idea, dragon's teeth.
 "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
 Will rise superior to her pain,
 The nations of the earth shall know,
 Who struck the fratricidal blow,
 When heroes of the Blue and Gray,
 Shall each to each due homage pay,
 And scorn with all their martial souls,
 The cowards base and venal ghouls,
 Who shunn'd the conflict they had bred,
 And liv'd but to malign the dead.

CHAPTER FOURTH

Full fifty years has passed away
 Since first the saints began to sway,
 And now the reader has a right
 To know how Saints in such a plight
 Behav'd themselves, and we propose
 To give the facts, let them disclose
 To him or her, as case may be,
 The real motive, let all see
 If simple honesty explain
 A reason for the thousands slain
 On either side, or hope of gain,
 Or love of Union dominate
 The Saints in the affairs of State.
 And now the golden age was here
 By poets sung, foretold by seer,

When all Utopian dreams could be
Put to the test, and all could see
How wide, so varied in their range
Could now be had in such a change
Of vision, both of earth and heaven
A special dispensation given.
The first move was to legislate
For cannibals for church and State
That set them free in honor bound
To give the "right" which could be crown'd
Not with success unless 'twere given
The right to vote, hold office ev'n,
This done, the way was open wide
For rascals now on either side,
"Saint Carpet-bagger" seized his "grip;"
His sole possession, hasten'd trip
As best he could to sinner land,
Yet truth to say, not one brass band
Come forth to meet him, ev'rywhere
The Saint receiv'd "an icy glare,"
But not one whit did C. B. care,
For scoundrels when on plunder bent
Care naught for love, or compliment,
And yet, it seems, no man can fall
So low and so despis'd by all
But he may find one of his will
Whose meanness can be blacker still,
And he found one who held the bag,
While he was pouring in the "swag"
Of course we mean "St. Scalawag."
Oh! 'par nobile fratrum these,
In meanness, tho' I say it please,
That "Scalawag" was far the worst
With which the earth was ever curs'd,
A dozen Judases in one,
The vilest dog beneath the sun,
No mortal pen could ever tell
What crime their meanness could excel.
These Twain at once began to sow
The seeds of discord here below,

'Twixt cannibals and those who would
 Have been his friends and by him stood,
 Without a home and without bread,
 Or anywhere to lay his head,
 Except the cabin master gave
 To him as home when he was slave.
 Meanwhile the Saints, and none forbid,
 Applauded all those scoundrels did,
 And argued strongly that the spoil
 Belong'd alone to "Trooly Loil."
 Passed measures all sane men foresaw
 Where violation of God's Law
 In all creation, made a mole
 As great as mammoth, gave control
 Of states to such as would excel,
 And shine nowhere, except in hell,
 It seem'd they could no pity feel,
 But harder ground the iron heel
 Upon the necks of those whose sires
 Had kindled Revolutions fires,
 Whose blood was shed in ev'ry fight
 That brought Utopia to light.
 And laid the base on which was rear'd
 A Government by all rever'd,
 Nay more, a haven and a rest
 For all by tyranny oppressed
 In other lands beyond the sea,
 Who hither fled, and here were free
 Alas, in passion's raging hour,
 These Saints Utopian, drunk with power
 Sought in their blindness and their hate
 Their power to perpenetrate
 By means so base, tho' long since past,
 Still makes the reader stand aghast;
 Permission gave to cannibals
 To sit and vote in Senate Halls
 As if mere freedom could make good
 In place where Clay and Webster stood,
 Unletter'd Africans devise
 Laws, good in Anglo-Saxon eyes,

Consistent tho,' beyond a doubt,
In all they tried to carry out,
For had not their great thinkers taught,
That human nature could be brought
To full perfection by a plan
Enacted not by God, but man.
Of course they failed, for in this day
Tho' far advanced in ev'ry way
No plan as yet has been unfurl'd
How lunatics can rule the world.
As for ourselves, all unconcern'd
As touching this, for we have learn'd,
Men out of power rant and roar
Just like the Devil's at the door,
But office soon effects a cure
In ev'ry case except the kind
Call'd "chronic," these are ever blind
To truth and light and cannot see
A virtue in an enemy.
Thank God, this craze now well-nigh past,
The true Utopia comes at last,
When peace and human brotherhood
Are being taught and understood,
In ev'ry line, our country filled
With brains, true greatness to up-build,
For when convictions, North and South
Were voic'd at the cannon's mouth
And settled then, why now revive
And keep old quarrels yet alive!
When each side claims in right to be
'Tis best t' agree to disagree
And let at once all rancor cease—
And cultivate the arts of peace,
The vet'rans of that awful day
Ere long will all have passed away,
And they were friends, no malice wrought
In hearts of all true men who fought
Each other then, and then became
As brothers with an equal claim
To glorious deeds on either side.

For which so many fought and died.
 Survivors of the Blue and Gray
 Are walking arm in arm today
 And telling in a soldier's way
 Of scenes and jokes and songs they sung
 'Round camp-fires when their hearts were young
 Indeed is this the greatest age
 The world has known, its brightest page,
 Now peace and concord far out-weigh
 The triumphs of war's bloody day
 'Tis true, some Heyburns now and then
 And Bleases pre-historic men,
 Burst forth in fierce and racous strain
 And fight in words the war again.
 But North and South together knit
 By Southern pluck and Northern grit
 Are busy with the shop and plow
 And laugh at all such fossils now.
 The sons of rigid Puritan
 Develop'd into splendid man
 All narrowness, now thrown away
 Erect he stands four-square today
 "To all the winds that bite and blow"
 From icy Maine to Mexico.
 The sons of lazy Cavalier
 Now captains in industrial sphere
 Have found it better making "good"
 Than boasting of ancestral blood!
 But since the struggle, fierce and grim,
 The Cannibal what went with him?
 I hear you ask and well you may
 Since he occasioned all the fray;
 (Behind it deeper reason lay.)
 Well after reconstructions days,
 Well-drilled in all the evil ways
 Of politics in lowest phase,
 He flocked to cities to become
 A "dead-beat," "loafer" and a "bum,"
 Not worth the powder and the shot
 By which he was of riddance got,

When too frisky and too gay
For whites upon "election day,"
Or when his brutish passions led
To crime, that good as made him dead.
Tho' thus I write, and thus impart,
No malice rankles in my heart
Against the race, I realize
His lot is hard 'neath Southern skies,
And harder still among the Saints,
Where he has gone with his complaints.
They listen to his tale of woe,
Then damn the sinners here below,
And threaten them with curses, sire,
And here their sympathies expire.
Poor erring and deluded race
These tempted thee to set thy face
Against true friends, who ev'n now
Still help you with the hoe and plow,
Who taught you how to make a crop,
And not to eat each other "up,"
Taught you to cease the worship vile
Of lizard, snake, and crocodile,
Taught you to wear a decent dress
And cease to flaunt your nakedness.
Nay more than this, taught you to love,
The one in whom we live and move,
Made friends of you in better days
Before you fell in evil ways,
Fine women nurs'd you night and day
When you on bed of sickness lay,
Supported you in age extreme
When profit was an idle dream,
And buried you when pass'd away
In ground where your old master lay,
And most of you responded to
This kindness when your hearts were true,
For some best friends that I have known
Were old time darkies dead and gone
Whose children romp'd and play'd with me,
Before the "Saints" had set them free,

They knew their place as I knew mine,
And neither tried to cross the line,

Which God for reasons wise and good,
No doubt as lines of latitude
That give a climate, each its own
To Torrid and to Frigid Zone.
And nature's law must all obey,
Or reckoning be forced to pay,
Or perish if we will pursue
Contrary courses thereunto.

But why repress him some one says,
Let him have equal chance these days,
Have we not tried, but tried in vain,
To raise him to a higher plane,
Him learning gave when as a rule
He but becomes a bigger fool,
And greater knave, in such a case,
Contrives to live upon his race,
And deems it civiliz'd to shirk,
Nor do one lick of honest work,
Not all the books upon the shelf
Will teach him to respect himself,
With such "fool notions" in his head,
As shame in earning honest bread
By honest labor, day by day,
For this is God's appointed way.
But he is here and must remain,
"Till some Utopia comes again
And clears his unperceiving brain,
From foolishness, and give him worth
Among the races of the earth.
For he must learn thro' process show
The "art of hoeing his own row"
He cannot live upon the smile
Of some pretended "Negrophile."
This will not last him, perish quite
When hate of South goes out of sight,
When North and South, and East and West

Become as one, as one possess'd
Of empire, such as world before
Has never seen, and will no more,
The African must then make good,
Or perish in this latitude
As weaker races all have done,
Contending with a stronger one,
Without some special reason,
They are preserved and cannot die.

CHAPTER FIFTH

The age of which the poets sung,
And dreamers dream'd when earth was young,
Seems now at hand, the reign of peace,
When carnivals of blood shall cease,
When battleships shall cease to be,
And Commerce only rule the sea.
All men as brothers with one aim,
To help each other and proclaim,
As did the Christ, who first began
And taught brotherhood of man,
When kings who sit upon the throne
Must rule in justice, or condone
For such offense by stepping down
Beneath the world's indignant frown;
When social class exclusiveness
Is based on merit, nothing less;
When "blue-blood" has no greater weight
In managing affairs of State
Than others with an equal claim
To present, not descended fame.
Wondrous Era, nature plays
Into man's hand ten thousand ways;
When lightning, once the dread of man,
Is harness'd, made to serve his plan;
While steam and gas and dynamite
Obey man's will—his servants quite;
When mammoth steamers ride the sea,
All safe, where perils used to be;
Electric and the railway train

Through mountains plunge and over the plain
 With so much speed, a week, or more,
 And they have sped from shore to shore.
 While spindles by the millions click
 In factories, and voices speak
 In phonographs, of those now dead
 Repeat, preserve the words they said;
 While music's sweet, celestial tone
 Is ours through the graphophone;
 And "moving pictures" now portray
 The quickest movement, facial play;
 Aye, on canvas to unroll
 The very passions of the soul;
 While telegraph and telephone
 Have knit the whole world into one,
 Enabling man to hold converse
 With well nigh half the Universe.

But better far than all of these
 Is science's conquest of disease;
 Thro' "Rays Roentgen's" wondrous lens
 It beards the lions in their dens,
 Revealing to the surgeon's eye
 The very seat where dangers lie;
 Cures, marvelous in former age,
 So common now they've pass'd the stage
 Of wonderment; in every land
 Health-bringing sanatoriums stand,
 While kind asylums ope' the door
 For all the sick, or rich, or poor;
 Aye, even conquest of the air
 Seems now assured, when airships bear
 Man and his message every where,
 All thro' the atmospheric zone,
 Where hitherto but birds have flown;
 No waxen wings, as fables taught,
 To melt when in conjunction brought
 With solar rays, but built to stand
 'Gainst heat and cold o'er every land.
 And thus we see this vast domain

Now yields to science, in its train
Ere long to be a captive lead
To its triumphant car, and shed
Fresh lustre on creation's head,
While printing presses volumes pour,
Ten thousands now to one before;
And godly "civic righteousness,"
The world to sweeten and to bless,
Comes on apace, and calls a halt,
Make rascals "sit below the salt"
The hideous reign of graft and guill
Is doomed, with all its methods vile
Exposed, its power melts away
Before the public's scorn today.

Let us thank God; aye, one and all,
Such time to live did us befall;
In better world, in better day,
Than all or any passed away.

The present war in Europe began after these lines were written.

THE COMET—(Halley's)

O! had the comet language
What could it not reveal
Of vast worlds whose existence
The depths of space conceal.

Could tell of suns so brilliant
That ours seems a spark,
A glow worm or a candle
That twinkles in the dark.

Beyond the rings of Saturn,
Beyond the "Milky Way,"
And near enough to heaven
To see the children play,

Perhaps has caught the echo
Of music of the spheres,
And heard the strains celestial
That charm angelic ears.

Has heard the hallelujahs
That must in heaven rise
As dying saints are passing
Through gate-way of the skies.

Explain its roving endless,
Without a home or place,
What crime, if any, made it
The "Wandering Jew" of space?

But since it cannot tell us
Why should we try to pierce,
Or solve the god-like problem
Of stellar universe?

Alas! imagination,
However great its might,
Grows weary when 'twould follow
A comet in its flight.

Then let us be contented,
And our best efforts give
In striving to make better
The world in which we live.

WAR.

If all the blood that has been shed
Since Cain first smote his brother dead
Could be collected, it would be
A horrid, sanguinary sea.
If all the tears that have been shed
Since Eve first wept for Abel dead
Could fall as rain, the earth below
Would tremble with the wails of woe.

Yet some in this surpassing age
For it contend and would engage
In killing men and pleasure find
In that which shocks the human mind.
But altho' nations' plaudit ring,
And poets of its glories sing
And gloss it o'er, war rightly prized
Is simply murder organized.
Unjustified in any sense,
Save that alone of self-defense;
Wrong even then if men should fight
Defending wrong against the right.

Oh, may peace-lovers triumph see
Till o'er the earth their efforts be
Successful as they carry on
The grandest warfare ever known.
Oh, may their efforts never cease
Till o'er the world the Prince of Peace
Shall reign indeed, his emblem be
Unfurled on every land and sea.
Thank God for peace on this fair shore
Serene amid the storms that roar
O'er Europe like a raging flood
Immersing it in seas of blood.
O, God of Battles, stay the rage
For slaughter in this golden age.

AN OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY MAIDEN.

When early birds are singing and dew is on the
grass,
I listen for the carol of the pretty country lass;
She's on her way to milking; I know it by the pail,
And by her cheery ditty, which floats upon the
gale.

She is so spry and active she seems to spring along
As if her feet were tripping to music of her
song.

The lowing of the cattle and the mooing of the cow
Seem speaking in kine language, "Our friend is
coming now."

Her lips are like the roses that bloom upon the
burn;
Her cheeks are like the cherries when they begin
to turn;
Her eyes as black as charcoal, or sloses the sum-
mers bring;
Her glossy hair, it glistens like glint of raven's
wing.

There's no deceit about her; she never acts a part;
She's unsophisticated; and near to nature's
heart—
Knows nothing of belles letters or scientific things,
Yet she can serve a supper that's good enough
for kings.

She never heard of Homer; can't conjugate a verb,
Yet her biscuits are delicious, and her butter
is superb;
A comfort to her mother in kitchen, with the
kine,
And tho' her lot is lowly, her mission is divine.

Ah! she's a real treasure to those who wish to find
A wife and woman truly of good old-fashioned kind
Who make man's home a heaven, tho' humble it
may be,
For in it dwells an angel, none truer here than she.

BIRTHDAY MEMORIES.

Mem'ry takes me back today
Again to long ago;
To lov'd ones who have pass'd away,
To friends I used to know.

With but a touch of Clio's wand,
She brings the past at will;
I feel the touch of vanish'd hand,
The heav'n of its thrill.

I crave it not—I am a boy
In fact—in very truth;
Fill'd with a restless, bounding joy
That glorifies all youth.

The Blue Ridge then to westward lay,
As now, but what a change!
The top of earth in life's young day,
Now, but a mountain range.

Its summit seem'd to touch the skies,
And to my fancy given,
Could I but to its apex rise,
Could music hear in Heaven.

Then little rills by freshets stirred
As rivers seem'd to me—
While to my eyes the James appear'd
Like some vast inland sea.

And father, mother, sisters sweet,
And brothers lov'd and dear,
With whom my joy was complete—
Aye, naught else wanting here.

And my young playmates, active, stout,
Ah, how we used to run!
For each one deem'd without a doubt,
This world was made for fun.

Not one of us did ever dream
That this would come to end—
No breakers ever mar the stream,
So calm and smooth its trend.

To arms! the hour is at hand,
 Adieu, sweet boyhood's day—
 The tocsin sounds throughout the land,
 For battle's stern array.

'Tis past—the curtain falls at last
 On scenes of blood and tears;
 A gulf between us and the past,
 And our young, happy years.

The world in which I live today,
 Not that my boyhood knew—
 That world has long since pass'd away
 And bidden me adieu!

The pickaninnies on the place,
 With whom I used to play,
 Are dead and gone—another race
 Of Africans today.

And boys who stood in line with me
 Of battle, fierce and stern,
 Have pass'd o'er that mysterious sea
 From which there's no return.

Let it be so, I do not pine—
 They have but gone before;
 Their journey ends ahead of mine,
 We'll meet to part no more.

I do not crave for age extreme,
 Its weakness and its ill;
 Be but one thought with me supreme—
 To do my Maker's will.

HELEN.

Helen, thy name awakes
 A rapture in my breast
 Like that which music makes
 When tenderly exprest.

A concord in a word
It falls upon my ear
Like far-off music heard
 From some angelic sphere.

Bright dreams of romance golden
Seem to encircle me;
I live in brave days olden
 When heroes fought for Thee.

One of the world's immortals,
Thy name forever shines;
Fame oped to Thee its portals
 In Homer's deathless lines.

Not ev'n great Achilles,
Who sulks through sense of wrong,
Old Nestor, sage Uylsees,
 Nor Ajax fierce and strong

Arrest the eye nor sway us
As she of whom we sing,
The bride of Menelaus—
 Unfaithful to her king.

Thy frailty nothing daunted,
Blind son of Scio's Isle,
Thy beauty ever vaunted,
 Forgetful of thy guile.

Hence Helen, ever glorious,
Would not e'en Homer be
A failure, sheer, notorious,
 Were Iliad without Thee?

The combat and the duel
Would pall, disgust and tire
Save Helen as a fuel
 That kindled Grecian fire.

Had Paris not been smitten
 And conquer'd by thy charms,
 No Iliad had been written
 Extolling Grecian arms.

Hence almost unregretted,
 Fair Helen is thy crime;
 Since world to thee indebted
 For epic for all time.

(In memory of James R. Gordon, who departed this life February 6, 1904, at the Memorial Hospital, Richmond, Va.)

A product of the Farfar Hills
 Of Scotia-land of granite wills
 And real men,
 Who dar'd to call their souls their own
 When bloody bigots held the throne,
 And made of Scotland, years ago,
 A slaughter pen.

A rugged Scotchman to the last,
 Unmoved, aye, ever holding fast,
 Sound to the core;
 Naturaliz'd, and yet the sea
 Could never wean such sons as he
 From native shore.

Indeed, how often when alone
 He talke'd to me in tender tone
 Of Scotia dear,
 Where "mither" liv'd and sisters dwelt,
 His words revealing what he felt,
 So far, so near.

Ah, as I stood around his bier,
 How many recollections dear
 Came back to me,

Of sweet converse, of kindly deeds,
 Unsought supplying many needs
 Men did not see.

Alas! in loneliness he died,
 Without one lov'd one at his side
 The parting hour.
 Yet doubt not; death's cold, sullen stream
 Shook not his trust and faith supreme
 In Heaven's power.

Now loving hands have plac'd away
 The lifeless form, the senseless clay,
 There to remain.
 Until the final trump shall sound,
 When he, with life immortal crown'd
 Shall live again.

"OUR SCIENTIFIC BROTHER."

He always had misgivings of one sort or another,
 So that his brethren call'd him, "Our Scientific
 Brother;"
 He doubted whether Moses more to Inspiration
 ow'd
 Than he did to Babylonia with its Kammurabi
 Code,
 In fact he often doubted whether Moses wrote
 at all;
 That Genesis was extant ere Moses got the call.
 Some Babylonian savant had published it before,
 And that the Hebrew swip'd it, only this and
 nothing more.

He flounder'd in the Red Sea, couldn't get across
 dry-shod—
 'Twas but a fairy story, and not the Word of God.
 Whilst Adam in the garden and that Forbidden
 Tree
 Was just an allegory, as plain as it could be,

Repugnant to the reason of scientists like he.
As to the Hebrew Children in Fiery Furnace cast,
And coming out unsinged from the consuming
blast,
Said he could not believe it "agin" all evidence,
"Agin" the laws of "nater," as well as common
sense;
And when he got to Jonah, "Impossible!" says he,
For whales have never "spouted in Mediter-
ranean Sea."

His brethren "put up" with him and his notions as
they could,
They hated to unchurch him while negatively
good,
Nay, while he spared the Gospels, they had some
hopes of him,
But still they watched him keenly to see how he
would "trim,"
And when they heard him doubting its miracles,
you see,
And asking younger members how This and That
could be,
They gave a word of caution, which should have
been enough,
But th' conscience of this Brother had gotten
very tough;
So he cried out, "Persecution!" as loud as he could
bawl,
And all the "Press Satanic" responded to his call:
Result—He was a hero and the church had made
him so,
By trying to make a' silk purse out of sow's ear,
you know;
But he never was converted, to make the story
plain,
The "Scientific Brother" had not been born again,
But for some other reason had gotten in the
church,
And to make a reputation had left it in the lurch.

Ah! many high professors in colleges today
 Have grown too Scientific for good old Gospel
 way,
 Think more of higher Critics and their little
 verbal flaws
 Than of the lowly Jesus, and the spreading of His
 cause.

THE WANT OF MONEY.

The lacking of dollars with which to pay debts
 Is source of much worry and many regrets,
 As many can tell.
 "Your note will be due at date so and so,"
 Your banker advises—to hint is to know,
 And answers as well
 As legal cap page, and all written o'er
 With gentle reminders all debtors deplore
 When credit is down
 To the low water-mark, and you cannot see
 Where cash is to come from and so you agree
 To go out o' town
 And bury yourself, as you fondly surmise,
 In sylvan retreat where a creditor's eyes
 Can't fall upon you.
 Egregious mistake; no spot has been found
 On top of the earth or under the ground
 To hide you, poor fellow, when the time comes
 around
 And his note is due.
 You owe Mr. A and you give him your fist
 To a piece of white paper and think it dismissed;
 But nevertheless,
 Tho' he puts it away—in his safe, we will say,
 And you hope he'll forget it a year and a day,
 In business stress,
 Don't gamble on that, for, you can be bound,
 That note comes to life when the day comes
 around,
 And ready for "biz."

No humming, nor fussing, nor fretting and jawing,
Your fist will convince if you go to lawing,
That his'n is his.

Perhaps Mr. B is indebted to you;
His note, like your own, is just about due.

You sit down and write:

"My dear Mr. B, as no doubt you know,
Your note will be due in a few days or so;

I'm in a place tight,

And so, my good fellow, don't fail to remit,
Or else I am left in a mighty bad 'sit,' "

As printers would say.

You wait a whole week and not a line seen,

"Now what in the devil does that fellow mean

In doing this way?

I lent him the money, and did he not say?

'At date specified I will certainly pay?'

Well, I'll let him know."

So I draw up my chair to my table and write

Billet doux Number 2, and while it's polite

'Tis remarkably plain.

And the answer comes back, I see from its tone
That friendship between us forever is gone.

And yields to the strain.

Tho' the check he encloses my honor preserves,

His letter somehow gets on to my nerves;

And why—tell me, why?

He seemed to be happy in making the loan;

Then why is he angry when I ask for my own?

I hear no reply.

But, boiling it down, it seems to be this:

In going thro' life, if you wish to miss

Th' unpardonable sin,

Don't get into debt; men never forgive

This one single sin as long as you live;

And not even then.

They'll land you in hell if you owe 'em a cent

Tho' preachers declare they saw you repent

Ere you gave up the ghost,

They will not believe it—it makes 'em all sick,
 And all of them hope old debt-paying "Nick"
 Will give you a roast.

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT

'Tis said that absence conquers love,
 And, O, believe it true,
 For I have tried the fact to prove,
 And I've forgotten you.

I thought my love would make me once
 A martyr or a hero,
 Which by an absence of two months
 Became as cold as zero.

Hence, you may set it down as true
 That love is but a fever,
 Which needs but one chill blast or two,
 'Tis gone, aye, gone forever.

"THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE."

Can it drive disease from the seats of health?
 Take sting from want and fear from wealth?

Will it equalize

The burden we bear in journey of life?
 Give peace for war, give Love for strife?

Will it make us wise?

Has it power to snatch from the jaws of death
 The dying man as he gasps for breath

On bed of pain?

Will it cause the roses to bloom once more
 On faded cheeks when youth is o'er?

Or strength maintain?

Will it stay the tears in the mother's eye
 As she beholds her loved ones die?

Give joy and song for groan and sigh
 In hours of gloom?
 Has it power to heal a broken heart?
 Or bring a message when friends depart
 Beyond the tomb?

No, none of these things, it promises naught
 Outside of things that cannot be bought
 With money alone.
 How to transmute all things into gold,
 This, this is the secret, I have been told,
 Of Philosopher's Stone.

MISS ANNIE S.

Tall and erect her figure stands,
 Symmetrical in ev'ry line,
 As tho' some Grecian sculptor's hands
 Had chisel'd it with art divine.

A brilliant wit, a winning grace
 That scores a triumph without art,
 And rightly holds exalted place
 By virtue of her mind and heart.

✕ MY MOTHER.

I see again the calm sweet face
 Of Mother and the smiles that chase
 Each other, as her loving heart
 In all our pleasures took part
 From love and sympathy alone,
 Which made them as it were her own.
 Tho' more than forty years have past
 Since I beheld my Mother last,
 Yet her sweet presence beams and shines
 Upon me, as I pen these lines,
 From Heaven itself, for it was known
 When God took her he took his own.

ROBERT F. SCOTT AND HIS MEN.**An Appreciation.**

The hero on the battlefield,
His soul with courage rife,
Would rather die upon his shield
Than lead a coward's life.

Upborne by truth the martyr can
Walk calmly to the stake,
Death has no terrors for the man
Who dies for conscience sake.

The dauntless spirit of the brave,
On either land or sea
Discounts the terrors of the grave
Engag'd in duty's way.

Yet "bravest of the brave" are they,
Who, leaving self behind
Give up their lives in duty's way
For good of human kind.

Such men of fame are worthier far
Than scores of Bonapartes,
True conquerers of men, they are
The rulers of their hearts.

And such were they of whom we pen
This lay, Oh! were it mine
T'immortalize heroic men—
Each gallant name should shine

With glory on their country's page,
Already great with fame,
Yet greater still in this great age
With Scott's resplendent name.

His courage death could not defeat
In its most awful form,

For well he knew, tho' life was sweet,
No hope in Arctic storm.

Yet hear him, leaving self behind,
To country make his plea—
"Forget not those we leave behind,
So dear to them and me.

"In realm of ice where blizzards roar,
My frozen fingers fail,
I would, but I can write no more,
Our bodies tell the tale."

And they have told, will ever tell
In story and in song,
In Arctic annals e'er excel
As ages roll along.

Altho' in loneliness they died
'Mid scenes of utmost gloom,
No hero yet, life laid aside,
Has a more splendid tomb.

For tho' no shaft can mark their worth
Beneath those icy skies,
Yet best remember'd place on earth
Is where a hero lies.

Altho' we can no flowers bear,
Save from affection's stem,
God loves the brave, knows where they are,
And He will care for them.

Oh, Britain! proud of such a son,
Thou hast a right to be,
He is indeed thy peerless one,
An honor unto thee.

THE MASTER MIND.

It is the proof of master mind
To see when other men are blind,
Truths to proclaim, before unknown,
To create systems of its own,
To shatter creeds and fancies built
On superstition, error, guilt,
Without respect for what is high
When its foundations is a lie.
With conscious rectitude of aim
To bear the brunt, despise the shame,
Which open warfare always makes
When it the props of Error shakes,
Or when one strips a deadly sin,
From ass's head the lion's skin.

Or shows deceivers and deceiv'd,
That truth alone must be believ'd
At any cost, for truth alone
He will accept whose awful throne
Is built on it, and He demands
Clean lives, clean lips, and honest hands.

"SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME."

Altho' I know she's getting old,
As I can plainly see;
Her pretty hair more gray than gold—
She's all the world to me.

Her sweet dark eyes no longer shine
As when from sorrow free,
Yet thrill they still this heart of mine;
In them her love I see.

Her shapely hands, so soft and white
When she was twenty-three,
Are not so now, and yet, despite,
They pretty seem to me.

We've stood together at the grave
That hid our babes away.
God took the loved ones that He gave
In sorrow's darksome day.

United by a thousand ties
That bind our hearts as one—
A woman's love the richest prize
To man beneath the sun.

And now, descending hand in hand
Life's last declivity,
Unrealiz'd much that we plann'd,
She's all the world to me.

Together now, for forty years
On matrimonial sea,
In calm, in storm, in joy and tears
She's all the world to me.

Our boys now to manhood grown,
Have left the parent tree,
And now since we are left alone
She's doubly dear to me.

Our quiet evenings we spend
Before the cheerful blaze,
And tho' Romance is at an end,
Yet something better says.

Two hearts that long have beat as one,
Thank God, are still the same,
Nor winter's chill, nor summer's sun
Can change love's steady flame.

We both have reached the Golden Age
Of life—the sunset glow
That gilds the past on ev'ry page,
And hallows Long Ago.

Tho' she has pass'd beneath the rod—
 Care written in each line—
 Her sorrows, by the grace of God,
 Have made her face divine.

Oh! God, forbid that ever I
 In her declining years
 Should ever even make her sigh,
 Much less incite her tears.

LINES TO LAURA.

All that is sinless, stainless,
 The human heart can know,
 I feel when I am with thee,
 Thy beauty makes it so.

Oh, tell me not the angels,
 Who flame beyond the skies,
 Are never seen beneath them.
 And in an earthly guise.

As I behold the beauty
 Of thy seraphic face,
 It makes me think of Heaven,
 Of worlds of love and grace.

Nor chisel of the sculptor,
 Nor brush of masters tell
 By stroke of subtlest genius
 The magic of thy spell.



THE BIBLE.

Mysterious Book! outliving age and time,
 And standing still, foursquare to all the
 world,
 Like fortress vast, impervious and sublime,

Withstanding all th' assaults against it
hurl'd,
Aye, calm amid the storms, it came to stay
Until the fires of the Judgment Day.

Revealing Book! alone in it we trace
How life began upon this globe of ours,
Shows God—not Science, creator of the race,
When man deriv'd his high and godlike
powers.

Without simian process, but at a stroke,
Man rose in fullness when his Maker spoke.

Surpassing volume, whose prophets, priests and
kings

Are seen in action on its wondrous stage,
Where poet, greater e'en than Homer sings,
And lends enchantment to its sacred page,
Where worlds unseen are open to our view.
And songs celestial, sung by angels, too.

Restoring Book! sole hope of fall'n man,
In it reveal'd contains the wondrous scheme
Of his redemption before the world began,
Nor this alone, the key to ev'ry theme,
That staggers science, life beyond the grave,
Which souls immortal e'er by nature crave.

Consoling Book, where sore and brok'n hearts
With whom the world and life have gone
amiss

Here solace find, and refuge from the darts
Of fortune hard, anticipated bliss
Can sweeten death, destroy its dreadful look
To all who lean in that dark hour upon this Book.

MY LITTLE WHITE FLOWER.

It is only a flower, yet I prize it, I love it,
For the message it brings from the heaven
above it.

Its message, God loves us, in language so plain,
That we never should doubt it nor murmur again.

'Tis love that has given it beauty so rare
That Solomon's glory seems empty and bare
The sweet breath of heaven is in its perfume,
And the beauty of angels is seen in its bloom.

When I am dishearten'd, I sit by the hour,
Look on it and feel all its wonderful power
To soothe and console me, "Why should you
 be sad,"
Says my sweet little flower? "Look up and
 be glad."

When the hour has come, as it cometh to all,
When I, like a leaf of the forest, must fall,
May some friend remember this tribute I gave
And my little white flower plant close to my grave.

"BEAUTIFUL WESTOVER."

Beautiful Westover, majestic country seat,
Where History and Romance perforce must ever
 meet,
Where chivalry and beauty in full-orbed splendor
 shone,
And made this home the brightest the Western
 world had known.

Beautiful Westover, it kindles to a blaze
The bright historic fancy of old Colonial Days,
When courtly sons of England within its ample
 walls,
Beheld the costly splendor of their ancestral halls.
Beautiful Westover, it bursts upon the sight
Like some strange dream of beauty that thrills us
 in the night,
Yet leaves us melancholy, forebodings, full of fear

That beauty of Westover is of the dreams that
were.

Beautiful Westover, it is thy heart and soul,
Whose spell, as yet unbroken, to fascinate, control
The mind disposed to wander, to bind and hold
it fast,

Not to the living present, but to the buried past.
"The whole world loves a lover," a maiden or
a man;

And when the course of true love, that never
smoothly ran,

Has ended in disaster, full wrecked in every way,
All hearts bestow the pity denied them in
their day.

Hence Beautiful Westover, though cavaliers may
shine,

And courtly splendors dazzle, another spell is
thine,

A spell as yet unbroken, though centuries have
fled,

That makes us turn from living to fair Westover
dead.

The spirit of a maiden, the fairest of the fair,
Whose presence seems abiding, aye, ever living
there,

And tho' Westover modern may charm you with
its art,

Yet that which fascinates you—its story of a
heart.

Her genius all pervading the grand, historic place,
It fairly seems to haunt you, aye, look you in
the face,

Revealing to you love-light that shone within
her eyes,

See her fair bosom rising and falling with her
sighs.

Hence, Beautiful Westover! Sweet Evelyn to me

Today 'tis a reminder, a monument to thee;
Tho' cruel flames destroy its beauty and its art,
Yet never, the immortal—the story of thy heart.

“THE TRUE CHURCH.”

'Tis common to all in the weakness of youth,
To doubt not the errors which are taught them
for truth,
But God gives to mortals no power to bind
Or shackle his image—the fetterless mind;
For His is a temple not fashioned by art,
And the only true Church is a sanctified heart.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is Love, 'tis Love creates
The only heaven here below.
'Tis Love alone that animates
And gives to life its charm and glow.

The sweetest song that's sung in Heaven
By angels with their tongues of fire,
Is that alone which Love has given,
That only which Love could inspire.

TO A DECEIVER.

Smile on, Fair One, and still deceive
Another unsuspecting youth,
Still cause some stripling to believe
Thy protestations are but truth.

Some callow youth, one who never knew
The witcheries of woman's art,
Which you employ to subdue
And crush his unsuspecting heart.

Such memories in after years,
'Twould seem would crush a heart of stone,

But I forget, you have no tears
For any sorrows save your own.

I am not bitter, but despise
A nature lost to sense of shame,
Aye, one whose only pleasure lies
In things no honest girl would claim.

LOVE.

Love cannot be forced, Love cannot be wrought,
Nor fashioned in beauty by labor and art,
All true love is won before it is sought,
And never comes right till it comes from the
heart.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Napoleon amazing, Napoleon sublime,
Napoleon colossal, man of all time;
Titanic, immense;
Chang'd continent's map, fill'd earth with his
fame,
Yet dying alone, with only a name;
Ye gods! how intense
And strenuous the life whose brilliance began
When Europe was flaming for freedom of man
From thralldom of kings;
When Bastiles were blazing, blood flowing like
wine
From necks of the noblest and rulers divine,
As "Marseillaise" rings.

When Corps Legislatif had vanish'd away,
And dreaded convention, as tho' it would stay,
Had come to the fore.
Where Marat the monster and Vergniaud
profonde,
Cordelier and Jacobin, timid Gironde
Contend on its floor;

Where voice of Danton, defiant, aflame,
The tocsin of murder rings out to proclaim
 To guillotine all.

Dread son of the "Mountain," behold in his glance
The storm that is pending o'er unhappy France,
 And ready to fall;

Aye, Danton, audacious, his sway is supreme;
The Gironde is silent, e'en Robespierre is tame;
 'Tis Danton alone

Can ride out the tempest and master the waves
Of passion for murder by rabble of slaves,
 So awful his tone.

Ah, Danton is fallen, ah, Danton is dead;
The Prince of the Jacobins loses his head
 Like thousands before;

Danton, who dar'd, undermin'd by a mole,
By Robespierre the cruel, the damnable soul,
 Now holding the floor;

That monster of murder, that deep degradation
Of Liberty's Cause, that impersonation
 Of devils in hell.

And he, too, is dying, who need but be heard
On a whisper just now, and at his bare word
 The guillotine fell.

Fit stage for the actor now to appear,
Fit time for beginning that wondrous career
 He only awaits

The uplifted curtain ere stepping on stage;
'Till Revolution finish its terrible page
 Decreed by the fates.

The hour is striking, he saw it afar,
The Great Man of Destiny arose with his star,
 It lighten'd the skies,

And shone o'er the wreck that weakness and guilt
Had rear'd o'er bones and blood it had spilt
 In Liberty's guise.

"Assassins and cutthroats, villains and knaves!
Whose power but rests on a rabble of slaves,
 Your Master is here!

Avaunt, weak wretches; abandon the stage;
The Man of the Hour, the Man of the Age,
Is now to appear.

The saviour of France, whose rulers and Kings
Have ceas'd to exist, and end of all things
Seems nearly at hand;

When Chaos exists, and Order has flown,
The Great Man of Destiny comes to his own,
By Heaven's command;

To scatter the rabble with right to demand
The freedom of playing his masterful hand
And making claim good,

As Titan alone, who tempest can stay,
Ere Order and France are both swept away
In torrents of blood.

On plains of the Caesars, with pinions outspread
Of Eagles of France, his legions he led
And 'gan that career

Which startled the world, and dazzles it still,
With wond'rous achievements of genius and will,
Without a compeer.

At Jena and Wagram, great Austerlitz,
"The Emperor's Battle," the victor he sits,
O'ertopping them all;

The monarchs of Europe, with armies combin'd,
No match for the powerful, masterful mind
They fain would forestall.

But why seek to follow that wondrous career,
Which weak men revile, which strong men revere,
E'en down to this day?

Now master of Europe, the world at his beck;
Now tortur'd by exile, seeing the wreck
Of world pass'd away.

Like some tow'ring poplar, some mighty oak,
Whose top in the heavens, inviting the stroke,
Aye, daring its glance.

Proud son of the Titans, he lifted his head,
The thunderbolt strikes, and Napoleon is dead,
The idol of France.

Napoleon is dead, that fortress, that tower,
That marvel of mind, that mountain of power,
Is level'd at last.
In history's Pantheon, without a pretense,
The Corsican stands, gigantic, immense,
And never surpass'd.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Bard of that mysterious realm,
Whose Stygian horrors o'erwhelm
All timid breasts;
A modern Dante to explore,
And call from "Horror's haunted shore"
Ill-omen'd guests.

And yet with what consummate art
Amidst all this he moves the heart
With brighter things;
For e'en from dark Plutonian shore
He asks for lov'd and lost Lenore,
Of whom he sings.

The pathos of his life too deep
For human speech, nor can we weep,
But stand aghast,
That one so gifted and so strong
In mental power should go wrong
And fail at last.

There was an unseen undertow
'Gainst which he strove, but could not go
Beyond its pale.
Some syren, whose bewitching song
Prevented him and made the wrong
O'er him prevail.

Thrown on an unresponsive age,
Damn'd in advance, he trod the stage
Without acclaim;

While critics sneer, and rivals' frown
And friends pretended wrote him down
When exit came.

To beauty of poetic art.
He gave to this his utmost heart
And highest skill,
As shown by what he left behind,
The weird creations of his mind
That charm us still.

Like beauteous column, rent in twain,
Unfinish'd must his life remain,
And still it met
His destiny in ev'ry way,
Unrecogniz'd in his own day,
And riddle yet.

Nor is this all, his cruel fate
Pursued him with relentless hate
Beyond the tomb;
For after death no surcease came,
And e'en his country's Hall of Fame
Denied him room.

One solitary ray appears
Above the darkness of his years,
Whose radiant gleam
Illumines them with heavenly light—
'Tis his Virginia, pure and bright—
A poet's dream.

'Tis written in the book of Fate,
That justice comes to all who wait,
If slow, yet sure:
'Tis his today, his wondrous rhyme
Wins Halls of Fame in ev'ry clime
That will endure.

THE POET'S WISH

Oh, give me the wind that sighs
From soft Eolian caves,
Oh, give me the dreams that rise
Like Venus from the waves,
Oh, give me the unreal,
Bright worlds of love and grace
I live in the ideal,
And loathe the common place.

TRANSMIGRATION.

If spirits of men as philosopher said
Find homes after death in the bosom of birds
Of reptiles and beast, as I long ago read,
(But cannot believe any truth in the words)
But if it were true, then my soul would desire
When leaving this tenement frail
To find its last home in the bird I admire
In bosom of sweet nightingale.

Then I would return in the silence of night
From depths of forest or grove
And fly to her window in the gentle twilight,
And sing to the maiden I love.

LOVE.

Creation smiles and owns its sway,
Sun, moon and stars its laws obey,
The very rhythm of the sea
Is but Love pitched in liquid key.

"APPRECIATION."

When Love's sweet song has spent itself in vain,
And coldness meets its elements of fire,
Like barren waste that drinks the genial rain,
And yields naught else, except the thorn and brier,

Love's soul recoils as from an icy blast,
Within its self and knows its day is past.

Just as a flower that blooms in lone retreat
Soon fades away in short-liv'd beauty there,
Denied the dew, the sun's inspiring heat,
It breathes from birth a pestilential air,
So heavenly genius, neglected in its day,
Just as the flower, it too will fade away.

"EVENTIDE.

My day is drawing to a close,
To me, to all, the signal shows,
 'Tis manifest.
The heavy ear, the eye grown dim,
The aching back, the trembling limb
 By years opprest.

And other signs that never fail
Of old age, tell pathetic tale.
 I love to dwell
On things and scenes of long ago,
Which make my aged bosom glow,
 My heart to swell.

I ramble thro' the woods and streams,
And dream again my boyish dreams,
 Ah, sweet young days!
I see the creek where oft I took
Such delight with line and hook,
 And lengthened stays,
When sitting on its banks to dream
Of "strings" of fish within the stream
 That would be mine.

But cease! I must revert to age,
To life in last and final stage,
 Now nearly o'er.

"The salt of time," as Shakespeare says,
Must season all my speech and ways
While on this shore.

"Life a success?" Why, Yes and No,
According as you view it tho'.
If wealth, why, nay,
My "holdings" and my "goods" are small—
Enough for Charon, that is all
That's mine today.

I never yet have felt the "craze"
For wealth, so common nowadays
Nor do I care
For all the dross of Vanderbilt,
Or a colossal fortune built
By means unfair.

A sure and steadfast hope of Heaven,
I neither now, nor would have given
This staff or rod
For all earth's fame, or wealth, or dower,
Or genius of titanic power,
Yet without God.

Am I unhappy? Not at all.
My life's been large with fortune small.
I've had the best,
The riches of the mind and heart,
Religion, literature and art
Have made me blest.

The splendors of life's rising sun
Once charm'd, and now declining one
Has glories too.
The joy of a life well-spent,
Of serving God with pure intent,
And Heaven in view.

And when at last the shimmering light
 Of life goes out, and seeming night
 Asserts its sway,
 I feel assured that I shall rise,
 And meet my Saviour in the skies
 On that great day.

THE SUN—AN APOSTROPHE.

Hail, wondrous Light! No language can rehearse,
 Nor reason fathom, nor fancy's flight
 E'er soar so high, thyself an universe—
 Too vast for man by his unaided might
 To comprehend. Almighty power alone
 Spake into being the splendors of thy throne.

"Let there be Light," and o'er the boundless deep
 Of chaos flash'd what man beholds today—
 The image of that eye whose boundless sweep
 Beholds all things, and naught so far away,
 Or else so near but that he sees it all—
 "A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

Tho' science guess until the day of doom,
 And try to fathom, to analyze, explain
 Thine origin, oh, why, vain man, presume
 To find a reason beyond the human brain,
 For science fails and reason stands aghast
 And flees from matter to its God at last.

No wonder, then, the child of nature bows
 In adoration to thee, oh, Sun!
 To thee directs his homage and his vows,
 Thou art to him the uncreated One,
 The seat of life, as well as nature's nurse,
 His explanation of the universe.

As we behold thy splendor day by day,
 Whose light brings blessing to ev'ry land and
 sea,

Are we not worse when we no tribute pay
Than pagan worshippers, who honor thee?
Better for those who in their darkness fall
Than live in light and have no God at all.

And yet, Great Luminary, thy light shall fail,
And thy mild sister be suffus'd with blood
In that Great Day, when all the earth shall wail
As nature reels beneath the shock of God!
The heavens shake in tokens of His ire,
And naught be left except a world on fire!

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

A world of spirits is denied
By skeptics with a sneer,
As well as one and all who've tried
To "raise the Devil" here.

The Doubter, while denying Hell,
Yet says there ought to be,
To hold that other fellow, well,
Whos' not so good as he.

Another argues somewhat this,
"No Hell," yet will agree
There is a Heaven, place of bliss,
Of course, for such as he.

Well, how are we to reconcile
Such variance, great or small,
Unless we put them in a pile,
Say "Devil" take them all.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Yes, he had sins to answer for, of this you may
be sure;
He sometimes drank until he was drunk, when
angry often he swore,

And yet more sympathetic heart than his I'm sure
never knew;
He was a friend whom all could trust, for he was
ever true.

The poor of his whole neighborhood did love him,
one and all;
He was a doctor and his skill was ever at their call.
He was no quack, nor montebank, now you should
understand
His sheep-skin, it was just as good as any in the
land.

A patient without bank account he honored all the
same,
His call as good as any check with Rockefeller's
name;
Nay, more, when needy ones were sick for want
of nourishment
He straightway to his grocer hied and saw that
food was sent.

Thro' Summer's heat and Winter's cold, for more
than thirty years,
Up hill and down, by day and night, his services
were theirs.
When he was sick the poor ones came inquiring
at his door;
It seemed as if their hearts would break to see his
face no more.

Ere long he died, was laid away in humble country
grave,
Among the people whom he loved, to whom his
life he gave.
He was no saint, made no pretense to piety we call,
But spent his life in doing good to others, that
was all.

Now what I'd like to know is this, which for one
stronger pleads—

The talking of angelic things, or doing kindly
deeds?

What went with him beyond the grave is not for
me to say,

But, still I feel God cared for him who gave him-
self away.

"PUT GRASS IN HIS 'LICKER.'"

A Virginian well-vers'd in the magical art
Of making mint-juleps went down to a part
Of South Carolina, proposing to spend
A couple of weeks with an old college friend.

This self-same Virginian, like all of his class
Before the great war, was fond of his glass,
Yet truth would demand that I should relate
He took it in juleps, and never drank "straight."

This being the case, of course on his trip,
He was dry as a bone, for he hadn't a sip,
And when he got down to the home of his friend

He was thirsty and tired, yes you may depend,
His Palmetto friend, surmising all this,
And knowing a drink would add to his bliss,
To his side-board repair'd and dencanter brought
forth

All fill'd to the brim for his friend from the North
Saying, "Come up old chum let's take a good 'nip'
To wash down the cobwebs that form'd on your
trip."

Then said the Virginian, "My friend, do you know
How to make a mint julep?" His friend answered
"No."

And then the Virginian, he saw at a glance
How to make his friend happy, and he seized on
the chance.

Says he, "Carolina, have you any mint?"

"Yes! down at the spring; there isn't a stint."

"Well, get me a bunch, some sugar and ice,

And a julep we'll have done up in a trice."

And this being done, as quick as a wink,

The blue-blood concocted his wonderful drink,
 Then gave to his friend, saying, "Drink it and tell
 If you ever tasted what could it excel
 In dram-drinking line in all of your days?"
 "Zounds!" says Carolina, "beyond all the praise
 'Tis A Number One. In honor I swear
 I never drank aught that dares to compare,
 (As he drained the last drop). It beats by the
 odds
 Greek Jupiter's nectar—the drink of the gods."
 Of course, they "fell to" day in and day out
 Of what we would call a high drinking-bout
 For more than a week, and neither, methinks,
 Ever said to the other, "Long time between
 drinks."

Two years after this, the Virginian once more
 Turn'd face to the South, as he had done before,
 And by easy stages erelong came in sight
 Of home of his friend, the Palmetto Knight.
 He spied an old negro, engaged in his task
 Of hoeing the cotton, and ventured to ask,
 "I say, Uncle Ned, how's Master today?"
 "How's ole Marster? 'Mister,' is dat what you
 say?"
 "Wy, ole marster dead, yas, he dead for shore,"
 For I dig the grave a whole year and more."
 "Your Old Master dead!" (and catching his
 breath)
 "Why, what in the world was the cause of his
 death?"
 "Well, Mister, I tells you, 'twas jes dis er way,
 A man from Ferginny, he cum here one day
 'Bout two year ago, and show'd Marster how
 "Put grass in his licker;" and so he dead now,
 For ole Marster lub dat new fangled stuff
 And the pizen what kilt him, and dat's sho enuff."

AN APOSTROPHE TO MONEY.

Oh, money, I would sing of thee

As one true constant friend to me,
Nor would exchange thy meanest coin
For many things that some enjoin
As being better, I have found
Small sympathy above the ground
When penniless from such as bore
With much advice when one is poor,
The very same should wealth accrue,
For good advice will come to you,
And take your dullest platitude
For high-grade intellectual food,
Who would not give you audience
When you were poor with all your sense.

When sickness comes and pains invade,
'Tis money brings the needed aid,
While scores of sympathising friends
Inquire if the patient mends.
If poor, they argue, it is best
To let the pauper go to rest,
But should the rich man chance to die,
They laud his virtues to the sky,
Bewail the loss the neighborhood
Has suffer'd, losing one so good,
Altho' too stingy during life
To spend a penny on his wife,
Save pittance, when the law demands
A good support from husband's hands,
And at his fun'ral preachers try
To put him through the needle's eye,
And land the skin-flint in the sky.

But should rich patient's health return,
The Doctors merit all they earn,
And can rejoice, knowing well
They kept the miser out of hell.

All classes, rich as well as poor
Alike the money-god adore,
And tradesmen sharp of every kind

Are to their interest never blind.
The millers every day and hour
Are praying for a "rise" in flour.
The bakers then to meet the "rise,"
Will make their loaves of undersize.

The undertaker, solemn, gruff,
Thinks folks not dying fast enough,
Unless more shall pass away
Cries "Ruin" with his "Bills to Pay."
E'en priest and preachers nowadays
Acknowledge money's winning ways,
Hard to convince they have a call
To other charge when pay is small,
While candidates for office use
The very language of the stews
About each other, try to prove
For people their undying love,
When aucontraire, the truth to say,
Deprive the office of its pay,
Their eloquence would cease to flow,
"Let office go to Jerico."

If you would know a friend as true,
Go ask him to indorse for you.
With what politeness he refuses,
What rueful face and fair excuses,
And ends it when you hear him say,
"I've not a cent in bank today."
But let some lucky scheme arise
Whereby his "wad" may grow in size,
You'll see your sympathetic friend
Raise money almost without end.
Don't lose your temper, cry out "Shame,"
Reverse the case; you'd do the same.

You fall in love, you sigh and yearn
To know just how your suit will turn.
Consult your pocket, it decides
Your fate with most of modern brides.

If full, for you it turns the scale,
As Byron says, where seraphs fail.

Money! I could sing thy power
Until my life's remotest hour,
And then, like Sheba's Queen of old,
Exclaim the half had not been told.
For thee parental hearts are steel'd
Whenever they to Mammon yield.
In vain the weeping daughter sues
For mercy, she must not refuse
The wealthy rake, the carnal brute,
With money to abet his suit.

The day is set, a gorgeous show
Of preparation, grand trousseau,
And costly jewels, gems that shine,
The brightest from the richest mine;
Rare flowers in their sweet perfume
And beauty deck the wedding room.
Selections from the masters charm
The happy guests. Where is the harm
In such a marriage? If you will,
I'll say there's something lacking still,
And that one thing, all else above—
The soul of marriage—which is love.
Pause woman, ev'ry vow you tell,
When lacking this, entrances hell
Satanic laughter in each strain
Of wedding march, a sad refrain.

The dirge of ruin'd womanhood,
The death of all within you good,
While angels weep in realms above
O'er crimes done in the name of love.

Far otherwise when wedding bell
Rings out and marriage joys tell
When loving hearts and willing hands
Are pledged for life an angel stands

At such an altar, God above,
Smiles on a marriage built on love,
If otherwise, then we repeat
The wedding march, tho' e'er so sweet,
Is dirge of ruin'd womanhood,
The death in her of all that's good.
Can such a union ere be blest,
Where love is not? No, all the rest
Cannot atone; devoid of this,
But mockery of domestic bliss.
What parody on happy state
That poets sing, both small and great.
"She married well," the world applauds,
Her motive better than a bawd's?
No, not at all, except the pelf
And time for which she sells herself.

Apart from this 'tis not denied
That money has a nobler side
Beyond all else, when rightly used
(And not, as we have shown, abus'd)
Has blessed the world ten thousand ways
In spite of all the cynic says,
Made flowers in the desert bloom,
Brought peace and joy in the room
Of poverty, and brought to light
The nobleness that should incite
To higher endeavor when applied
To stimulate a nation's pride
To highest things that move the heart,
Promotion of the Healing Art,
The love of Music, Literature,
The cause of Christ, and all things pure,
Here money shines without alloy
And brings to man his highest joy.

THE MODERN JUPITER

Jupiter! King of gods and men,

Didst thou forecast and therefore ken
 The day would be,
When men, professing to be wise,
 Would mock thy lordship of the skies,
 Nay, laugh at Thee
As superstition, or a myth
No man of sense would trifle with
 Except in verse?
So this, you see, is quite a fall
For one supposed as lord of all
 The universe.

But Jupiter! Thou art not dead,
Thy name is chang'd, we have instead,
 As you may see,
A modern, not the ancient god,
Obedient to whose beck and
 We bend the knee.
And tho' Olympus flames no more,
Yet temples rise on ev'ry shore
 And incense burns
In golden censers to placate
His nostrils, priests officiate
 And take their turns
Without dismissal, lest they should,
By lack of skill, fail "to make good,"
 In modern phrase:
If so dismissed without a word
Of explanation being heard
 These strenuous days.

Voracious god! he fain would fill
His belly, yet is hungry still,
 And calls for more.
Tho' millions be in treasure chest,
A dollar out, he cannot rest
 Till he secure
The utmost farthing, and will use
His pow'r fierce, should one refuse
 To him to yield.

A god of blood! no juggernaut
Has ever such havoc wrought,
Or caus'd more pain.

What god is this of which you sing?
We answer, he is god and king,
The god of Gain
And at his shrine all nations bow
With abject tone,
Of whisp'ring humbleness to please
The ears of him naught can appease
Save gain alone.
What victims on his altars burn,
What cruelties that men may earn
His favor now.
In shops, in factories, beneath
The earth itself they bind the wreath
That decks his brow.

Love, once the passion called "supreme,"
This god pronounces "empty dream,"
The thought of fools,
For you must know and calculate
That all high things are out of date
Where Mammon rules.

E'en genius with its hallow'd trust
Before him wallows in the dust,
And sings his praises, talents lent
Alone for human betterment
Extol the knave.
See Kipling, whose entrancing pen
Was once delight of fellow-men,
Now using skill,
Not to advance a cause so sweet
As Liberty's, but to defeat
The people's will.

And Gotham, the magnificent,
Of Western World, all torn and rent
By vice unfurl'd,

See trusted guardians of her laws
Go "hand in glove," make common cause
 With underworld
In fleeing victims, tribute lay
On dens of infamy that pay
 The price of shame;
Disgrace the uniforms they wear,
And violate the oaths they swear
 In justice's name.

In politics 'twere sad to trace
Each step from glory to disgrace
 Since that high day
When Calhoun, Clay and Webster stood
In Senate for their country's good
 In ev'ry way;
When not a breath of scandal rose
E'en from their most invet'rate foes
 To mar their fame;
When merit was the test alone
For office high and "graft" unknown,
 And ways of shame.

But why the painful theme prolong?
The god of gain, the god of wrong
 Rules world today.
Oh, may some moral Hercules
Arise and cleanse such spots as these,
 These monsters slay.

"THE DESCENT OF MAN."

'Tis written that Athena sprung
Full armed from brain of Jove,
And took at once her place among
 The gods of famous "Grove."

This fiction, once so well believ'd,
Is in dishonor now;

Mankind are otherwise deceiv'd,
And I will tell you how.

There is extant a Book today
Oft miscall'd Holy Writ,
Which tells us how man came this way,
How on this sphere he lit.

Of course, this book is obsolete
In cultur'd circles, sure;
And takes its place with things effete,
Like other things of yore.

Instead, true Science says today—
And Science never lies—
Man came to earth by monkey-way,
But never from the skies.

Now, I'm a doubter from way back,
Concerning Science here;
For when one leaves the Bible track
His way is never clear.

I can't subscribe, tho' others may,
As to man's present shape,
By his "descending" "up," they say,
To his ancestral "ape."

What contradictions are involv'd
In a misuse of terms;
What weighty problems left unsolv'd,
All reasoning confirms.

If to "descend" means but to "rise,"
And "rise" means to "descend,"
Then everything beneath the skies
Is topsy-turvy, friend.

This theory has quite upset
All that I learnt at school,

And makes me think with sad regret
My teacher was a fool.

He taught "effects," must have a "cause,"
And this I once believ'd;
But Science spoke and made me pause,
It said I was deceiv'd

This being so, another thought
Within my mind arose;
And I will name it, as I ought,
Tho' every scholar knows.

'Tis this: Translations lose in force,
And hence we must allow
That man, when monkey, was, of course,
Much greater than he's now.

And in accordance with this rule,
Which Science should explain,
There once was held in monkey's skull
A great Newtonian brain.

A "miracle," I hear you say;
No, nothing of the kind,
'Tis "evolution"—Nature's way—
With matter and with mind.

If I consent by giving nod
That Newton came that way,
Then "evolution" is a god,
Therefore, to him I'll pray.

O, "Evolution," pity me,
Thy weak and doubting child,
Who, tempted, fell, and stray'd away
At "Calling of the Wild."

Poor Prodigal, I would return
Back to ancestral home,

From man's domain—ah, how I yearn
Amid its woods to roam.

Restore me to that "Happy Age,"
Ere I 'gan "evolute,"
Transfer me upward to the stage
Of my ancestral brute.

Where not a wave of trouble rolls
Across the monkey's breast;
Where cocoanuts, instead of souls,
Are objects of his quest.

There I'd be useful from the fact
Of my experience here;
In case of need then I could act
As an interpreter.

When Doctor Garnes came along,
They then no more would balk,
For I could tell them in their tongue
Just how the monkeys talk.

Perhaps could get a monkey school,
Teach wicked little apes
The precepts of the Golden Rule
And morals in all shapes.

If politicians who would seek
For office with a bribe
Could teach them all just how to "squeak"
The language of the tribe.

Or if they have a "State machine,"
In country or in town,
Could teach them how to "bear and grin"
When it has mow'd them down.

Be privileg'd to have a seat
With scientific ape,

See evolution in concrete,
Aye, see it taking shape.

See tails drop off ere long, and then,
Descending from the tree
Its forelegs turn to arms of men,
And monkey cease to be.

But "like" its "like" begets, they say,
Wherever Science delves;
But men, without this law, today
Make monkeys of themselves.

Science, then, well understood,
Responsive to its call,
It will, no doubt, in "making good,"
Make monkeys of us all.

My prayer was heard and I was chang'd
In twinkling of an eye;
Again the woods and groves I ranged,
Man-monkey, tho', O, my!

They told me of a hermit there,
Apart from all the rest,
Who hid himself they knew not where,
But in a cave, they guess'd.

I hunted for him far and wide,
Thro' jungles dark and long,
Until at length I him espied
In cavern deep and strong.

I had been told that he was wild
And fierce; it was not so;
I found him gentle as a child
And not a monster; no!

I saw he was a fellow-man,
He knew that I was, too;

And then forthwith 'tween us began
The following interview:

My friend, says I, how came you here,
And what on earth has led
You to forsake man's higher sphere
For this damp cavern bed?

He answer'd me as best he could,
But in a "squeaking" key;
Said that his "English" was not good,
Since learning "Chatteree."

Now, Chatteree, you understand,
Is what the monkeys use,
The dialect of Chatterland,
In which they give their views.

"Well, sir, in early life I read
Darwin's 'Descent of Man';
It put strange notions in my head
Of how I first began.

"I could not rest, so here I came,
And strove for many years
To study monkeys—see what claim
To manship there appears.

"I cultivated chimpanzees,
Orangs, baboons and all;
But could not learn from all of these
The object of my call.

"I mean that 'Missing Link', he said,
Of which I'd read so much,
For monkeys brown and black and red
Were 'all the same in Dutch.'

"My quest I gave up in despair,
Alas! it was too late,

My clothes all gone, I was too bare
For former decent state.

"Now go back home and tell it loud,
O, do so for my sake;
Tell Garner and his monkey crowd
Evolution is a 'fake.'"

"THE NEW WOMAN."

She has a varied knowledge
That she pick'd up at college,
Of quadratics, hydrostatics,
Still holding to them fast.
She's stuffed with erudition
As you stuff a leather cushion;
All ologies of colleges,
And knowledge of the past.

She's mistress of the lexicons ,
Of Aztecs and the Mexicans,
Their theology, anthropology,
Geology galore.
She knows the forms and features
Of pre-historic creatures,
Ichthyauri, plesiosauri, megalosauri,
And many, many more.

Can describe the ancient Tuscans,
The Basques and the Etruscans,
Their victuals and their kettles,
The use they made of metals
Beyond the lightning rod.

Can discuss Thibetan llhama,
The Asiatic Brahma,
And scandals of the Vandals;
Nay, more, describe the sandals
With which the earth they trod.

She knows the mighty giants,
 The Titans of each science,
 All the learning that was turning
 In the burning mind of man;
 Yet she couldn't cook a dinner
 For a hungry saint or sinner,
 Could not a chicken "smother"
 For poor, exhausted mother;
 Never us'd a frying-pan,
 And altho' she could spell it,
 It made her sick to smell it,
 Whenever it began
 To splutter and to sputter,
 It threw her in a flutter
 And hastily she ran
 From kitchen to piano,
 And with her sweet soprano
 Anew her work began.
 Now what could be the matter
 With the cuisine and the platter
 Where science first began?
 She's needing reconstruction,
 Or else there'll be a ruction,
 Domestic bliss' destruction
 When she hitches to a man.

SISTER SAD-EYE AND HER COW

Old Brother Tufnut was pounding away,
 As he had been 'a doing, fifty years so they say,
 Was giving his members a good "dressing down"
 As boys would say in slang of the town.
 His matter of discourse today, I am told,
 Was about prophet Daniel, the good man of old.
 I'll give you an extract so that you may see,
 What a powerful preacher Bro. Tufnut could be .

My brethren and sisters, my discourse today, ah
 Is about prophet Daniel, and the very good way, ah

He conducted himself, when danger was near, ah
And threats of the wicked did give him no fear, ah
Yet we find him today where these wicked men, ah
Had cast him, and that was in the lions' den, ah
And for why had they done it leaves me to say, ah
He was guilty of praying full three times a day, ah
But brethren and sisters, allow me to say, ah
For such an offense not one of you, ah
Will ever be treated as was the good Jew, ah.

In the "Amen Corner" sat Sister Sad-eye,
Whose feeling were rous'd and she utter'd a cry,
That startled the preacher with its volume of
 sound,
And his voice, though loud, was about to be
 drown'd,
So he went her "one better," an octave or two,
But that of the sister he could not subdue.
Yet all things must end, and after two hours,
Brother T. had exhausted his mighty lung powers

And yet with desire not lessen'd at all,
As to why the old sister gave forth such a squall,
A bee-line he made where the good sister sat,
And cause of her sorrow he tried to come at.

"Sister Sad-eye," says he, "I was not a peepin'
But durin' the sermon I saw you 'a weepin',
And so I will say, and say it right here,
That I have been preachin' nigh on fifty year,
Yet I do not remember in such a long roll
That I've been the means of savin' one soul;
But if I've sav'd yours, I will not deny,
But say to you now, I am willin' to die."

Now Sister Sad-eye, she said not a word,
And sobbing was all of the sound that he heard,
Then Brother Tufnut he was fairly outdone
By getting no answer, and so he begun

A new "tack" by saying, "Will you not let me
know
What part of my discourse affected you so?"

Sister Sad-eye then spoke, altho' she wept still,
And said, If I must, then "passon," I will,
About thirty year ago, I had an old cow,
And she was a good one—I see her right now.
Oh, she was so constant, she never would shirk,
But 'came up' as regular as any clock work.
One evenin' she didn't, and I went out to see
Down into the "parster" what matter could be,
And when I got "thar" I found out the riddle,
She was mir'd in swamp plumb up to her middle,
And I said to her, 'Rose!' and she give me a look,
And that I'll remember 'til my last breath is took.
Then she gave a long low, she meant it 'Good-bye,'
It made me cry so I thought I would die,
So, "passon," today you my feelin's did reach, ah
For she low'd jes ezactly the way that you preach,
ah.

BRIDGET AND MIKE

Now Bridget and Mike were often inclin'd
To giving each other "a piece of their mind,"
And needless to say, for it's easily guess'd
In a warfare of words his wife got the best.

But happen'd it did, for it happens to all,
That death, so impartial, gave Micheal a call,
As soon as he sicken'd his wife sent in haste
For Father O'Connor, the Catholic "praste."

He knew the short comings and vices of Mike,
And being well posted, he knew where to strike,
He came at the summons and sat by the bed,
And these are the words that to Michael he said.

“Michael! me boy! you soon will be dead,
You’d better confess, are you not afraid
To meet King of Terrors, unshriven and bare,
And in Purgatory to land as you are?”

Then Mike he responded, me good Father! hear,
“I’ve lived with the quane nigh on twenty year,
And I am persuaded in way of a curse
The King may be bad, but the Quane is much
worse.”

THE LAWYER AND THE DEVIL

Two Irishmen walking along the big road
In course of their travels came to the abode
Of lawyer, whose office was on the road side,
And the office in question it can’t be denied
That in its appearance ’twas very bizarre,
And the Irishmen halted, as if in despair
Of making it out, and they gaz’d and they gaz’d
Such a very great while that a window was raised,
And out popp’d a head as guileless of hair
As a baby’s can be, and one that would scare
The crows all away, had any been there,
And a voice came forth, not lacking in fire,
“In the name of the Devil what do you desire?”
“For hotel or church my house do you take?”
“On me honor, says Pat, I sure can bespake
On behalf of us both we thought it a place
Where ‘Praste’ might be givin’ a message of grace
To be plain wid ye Sor a house for God’s folk
’Til, the Divil his head out window did poke.”

A QUESTION OF SPEED

’Twas at first Manassas our line gave away,
And Patrick, he ran, like the “divil” they say,
As Pat was duck-legged the rate of his speed
Tho’ rapid for him was not like a steed.
Now a long-legged “Yank” got right after Pat

As swift as a runner at sound of the bat,
 And he gain'd on him fast and Patrick well knew
 'Twas only a question of a moment or two
 E're blue-coat would nab him and so he turn'd
 around,
 And said to the Yankee, who gain'd on his ground,
 "What the 'divil' d'ye mean 'spalpeen of a man' "
 "Ain't I rinnin away as fast as I can"
 To give ye the way, and Yankee fair roar'd
 With laughter and stopp'd and put up his sword,
 'Twas too much for him, and Patrick meanwhile
 Made good his escape by running a mile.

POETRY AND FACTS

Said John unto Mary 'ere the preacher shall bless
 Let us make up a rhyme that will fully express
 The bliss to be ours when once we are wed.
 "All right my Johnny! you just go ahead
 And write the first line and I'll follow suit
 And with it the rhyme that will fit it, "to boot."
 John—"Our bed shall be roses all sprinkled with
 dew."
 Mary—"Then I would be frozen as surely would
 you."

A DIFFERENT OPINION

I once thought tears from eyes of blue
 Was like a blue-bell dropping dew,
 But since I've chang'd my notion "sorter"
 They're just like any other water.

DOMESTIC BLISS

Number One

Poor Wife! she can never tell
 What's coming next. "I told you so,"
 "The bread's not done," the meat, oh, well,"

"Pray, madam," I would like to know
What book you've read—Give me a cook—
A wife, I mean, without a book."

Number Two

Poor Man, he can never tell
What's next from that unsparing tongue,
Which was so sweet at marriage, well
It now seems in the middle hung,
And full of cuts and jibs and sneers
'Till utterance is lost in tears.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Altho' this is the greatest age
Since time began, the brightest page
In man's career,
Yet there are signs that make us pause,
Nor join in chorus of applause
That smites the ear.

Who can deny degen'rate days
When love of "filthy lucre" sways
The minds and hearts
Of nearly all, the test supreme
Of merit, knowing how to scheme
With crafty arts.

The mad pursuit for wealth and place,
When failure is the great disgrace
O'rtopping all,
Days when success is disfl'd,
And all else roughly thrust aside
That would forestall.

No matter now how dull you are
In other things, or how bizarre
Your looks may be,

Get rich, your flatterers will find
You have Napoleonic mind,
Your beauty see.

Would you be reckon'd without brain,
Pursue aught else save earthly gain
And you will find
The world will set you down at once
As but an idiot or a dunce
Devoid of mind.

Hence, flatter some financial god
'Til he acknowledge with a nod
The homage paid,
And place you in his great concern,
Where, like himself, you soon will learn
The tricks of trade.

E'en parents now their children train
No more for Heaven but earthly gain,
An awful wrong,
"From early morn 'til dewy eve"
Be smart, my children, wealth achieve,"
Their constant song.

The church of God, once full of power,
Is growing weaker ev'ry hour,
Has ceas'd to draw
Since gifted sons have ceas'd to preach
The mighty Gospel, and would teach
Some other law.

And such are well-nigh silent too
Concerning vices in the pew,
They seem afraid
To cry out, spare not, silence choose,
Lest such a stir should make them lose
Their meat and bread.

Altho' in pulpits they excel
In rhetoric without a hell,
Don't be misled.

The witness of the Spirit gone,
Its light extinct, its power flown,
That church is dead.

Tho' well-trained choirs charm the ear
With music, we no longer hear
The aged saint
Express his joy with a shout.
As in the past. When love goes out
All else too faint

To find expression any way
Save clapping hands at worldly play,
Or sportive game;
There decency all goes awry
And modern saints with sinners vie
In loud acclaim.

The press, once bulwark of defense
'Gainst sham, and error, false pretense
Of every kind,
In many cases gone astray
On "fads" and fancies of the day,
To reason blind.

"Defend the People's rights," forsooth,
Go tell it to some callow youth
Without conceit,
Of artful webs such rascals weave
To blind-fold, hood-wink and deceive
All whom they meet.

Our colleges, once unsurpass'd
As seats where learning was amass'd,
But now we see
"Soil'd money" tying fast their hands,
When ev'rything on earth demands
They should be free.

Reports of brilliant scholarship
That once drew praise from every lip,
Dead letters now;

But how to curve and "swat" a ball
Of horse-hide has the greater call
All must allow.

Our Literature, if we may call
Such trash a literature at all,
Is without art,
Unless it be the base appeal
To passions one should never feel
Within his heart.

"Best Sellers" in the world today
Are books the world should fling away
With angry toss,
For were they all thrown in the sea
Or burnt to ashes, there would be
No grain of loss.

What treat they of? What truth unfold?
What fascinating tale is told
That makes them sell?
Some high and lofty purpose shown
In fiction, as on canvass thrown,
They wish to tell?

Nay, nay, but nine times out of ten
The escapades of vicious men
And women too,
Whose whole careers from start to close
Would make the Devil hold his nose,
And cry out, "Phew."

But books of learning and of mind
Are to the lumber-room consign'd,
Unread, unroll'd,
Save by the few, while tons of trash
Find readers and the ready cash
From young and old.

The journals of the "yellow hue"
Portray the scandals of the "stew,"
In phrases plain,

And, tho' their decent brethren try
To rid their realm of such a sty
 'Tis all in vain.

Like vultures sailing though the air,
They smell the carcass from afar,
 And hither fly
In utmost haste, as if they fear
Some rival buzzard hovering near
 Would "swipe the pie."

Our politics! Oh, what a stench!
A world's cologne would hardly quench
 The odor vile,
As public men all should revere
Become notorious, far and near,
 For graft and guile.

See agitators as they stand
In all the corners of the land,
 And cry aloud
For changes written in the law
To right the wrongs none ever saw
 Except their crowd.

And lovely woman too is bent
On ways her maker never meant
 Should be her path.
What is unnatural is a crime
Against one's self, and calls in time
 For nature's wrath.

Her charms which since the world was young
Have artists shown and poets sung,
 Oh! must they pass
And others come and take their place
A brazen, Amazonian race?
 Alas! Alas!

And love? The tender tie design'd
In wedded life two hearts to bind
 All else above,

Yet wealthy heiress plights her vow
To foreign scamp with title now,
And laughs at love.

But love will be avenged ere long,
When scandal with her dirty tongue
Defiles her name,
Then sordid bride who sold herself
And bought a bauble with her pelf
Will weep for shame.

The Sabbath, well-nigh obsolete,
When so, our ruin is complete,
We but await
The wrath of an offended God,
To fall with His avenging rod
As sure as fate.

Hence, while we thus would specialize,
Our glaring sins before us rise,
Portentous, vast,
The reck'ning days and in their train
Our ruin, and our nation slain
Like others past.

What boots it, we of Science boast
With fear of God and honor lost?
Of what avail
The wonders of a world that's dead
To all high things prefers instead
The things that fail.

Oh, God! we need Elijahs now
Like him who stood on Carmel's brow
In Ahab's reign.
Great sons of Thunder, who would shake
This guilty world and make it quake
With fear again.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT

Oh, there is a treasure more precious than gold,
Than all of the silver Golcondas can hold,
And yet it is free.
A treasure that thieves cannot steal nor destroy,
A treasure in which there is fullness of joy,
For you and for me.

Ah, what is this treasure of which you so speak?
Pray tell me, that I its possession may seek,
And make no delay.
Is it poetic gift, or vision of seer,
The orator's tongue, or musician's ear,
To charm and to sway?

No; none of these things, yet its value outweighs
All honors of earth, or the triumphs that blaze
In pathway of fame.
Art can not portray and tongue can not sing
The joy it gives, or the raptures that spring
In owing the same.

The sun will be darken'd, the heavens shall fall,
The earth burnt to ashes, and yet o'er all
This gift will endure.
Tho' tongues they shall cease and knowledge shall
fail,
But this gift alone will survive and prevail,
After death evermore.

'Tis God's perfect love manifest in His Son,
When he died for this world and cried,
"It is done!"
On Calvary's tree.
Could the wealth of all worlds in a balance be
weighed,
'Twould be but a feather to the price that was
paid
That gift might be free.

VISIONS OF JEFFERSON

Vision One

The clock strikes "Twelve," it is the midnight hour
 When poets dream, and on their fancies draw
 For ghosts and goblins, whose airy power
 Seems potent then in mocking ev'ry law
 Of nature to convince by visual show
 They do exist, and sometimes walk below.

Be as it may, I sat before the blaze
 Immers'd in thought of what I just had read;
 Was I asleep, or was it but a maze,
 Some wanton fancy flying thro' my head?
 There near me stood the figure of a man
 Whose searching eyes it seem'd would thro' me
 scan.

His mein was serious, and his eyes were blue;
 His hair was auburn, and his face so strong
 And intellectual, that at once I drew,
 Here stands a man who will not suffer wrong
 To go unwhipt in either Church or State,
 In pauper's hut or palace of the great.

He did not speak, although I strongly sought
 To draw him out, he utter'd not a word;
 Ghosts do not speak, this was my second thought,
 A moment more, and then he disappeared,
 But whither gone, indeed I cannot tell,
 But this I know, I saw and mark'd him well.

Now, where was I before this vision came,
 If such it were? Where were my thought I mean
 That so engag'd to lead to such a frame,
 For minds are mov'd by some forgotten scene
 Of wakeful hours, long buried out of sight,
 Which come again in visions of the night.

I have it now; I was in flaming France,
 Amidst the Titans of our modern days,

Revolution's Leaders, daring to advance
 "The Rights of Man" while hated Bastiles blaze,
The Tyrants Dungeon, trampling into dust
 The thrones of monarchs, whom they cannot
 trust.

I saw the giants, men of colossal mould
 In mental pow'r, pre-eminent, alone
Danton and Mirabeau, audacious, bold,
 Unaw'd by all the terrors of the throne,
Jacobin, Girondist, overwhelming all
 By eloquence in great Convention Hall.

The People Rule, the Marsellaise is sung
 Throughout all France, on ev'ry side
Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite is rung,
 In vain the monarch seeks to stem the tide;
'Tis o'erwhelming, brooks no compromise,
 Concession comes too late and—Louis dies.

The wild excess, the awesome aftermath,
 The war of factions whose violence rends
The State to pieces with senseless wrath,
 Made France cry out, "Oh, save me from my
 friends"
That cry was heard, the Man on Horseback comes
 'Mid musket's rattle and roll of drums.

I saw one standing amidst the dread uproar,
 Upon whose face there was a look of pain,
Like some fond lover whose dream is o'er,
 Whose hopes of bliss and joy have been slain;
I scanned him closely, fancy my surprise,
 Here was the vision again before my eyes.

What country can be his I fain would learn?
 What does it mean? or am I in a trance?
My fate to see him, no matter where I turn,
 What business his in desolated France?
I speak again, but still no answer comes,
 And all I hear the distant roll of drums.

Was he a sharer in that fierce delight
Of a Republic that bewilder'd France;
A sympathizer with her despot's might,
Who aw'd all Europe with an angry glance?
I could not tell, for on his placid face
Save one of sorrow, I saw no other trace.

Vision Second

This vision gone, behold another comes,
More wondrous still to my astonish'd gaze,
I see no guillotines, I hear no drums,
No turmoil in the streets, no Bastiles blaze;
No Dantons roar, no Mirabeaus arise,
No lightnings flash, no thunders shake the skies

Instead I saw a country, long and wide,
Whose shores extending, stretch'd from sea to
sea,
An ocean vast there roll'd on either side,
While lakes and gulf so vast they seem'd to be
Great inland seas, while mighty rivers ran
Across its surface, throughout its span.

And then methought I saw a Council Board,
At head of which an august chairman stands,
Pacific now, yet one whose stainless sword
Had sav'd his country from a tyrant's hands
Presiding now and listening to debate
Of giants building the Ship of State.

Then, one arose, whose master-mind and fame
Lent weight to ev'ry word, and thus began:
" 'Tis my opinion, and I maintain the same,
"The People Cannot Rule," choose then a man
Of iron will, clothe him with powers great
To sit at helm and guide the Ship of State.

"The People Cannot Rule," behold fair France,
By factions torn, her cities drenched with blood

Her wild fanatics, striving to advance
Such schemes of government, not understood
Outside of Bedlam, then let us not forsake
The path of reason, and road to folly take.

“Reserve No Rights” that are beyond recall,
Or prove a barrier should a crisis 'rise;
Let Head be great but keep the Body small,
A Government that no one dare despise;
States keep their names, as lesser planets run,
But borrow all their brilliance from the Sun.

This Law Organic, I enter my dissent
Against it now, there's too much latitude
In its provisions; too much sentiment,
It sounds to me like a mere platitude
To catch the mob, too weak in ev'ry strand:
I tell you, sirs, 'tis but a rope of sand.

Made safe in this, our aim be trade and wealth;
These are the sinews that make a nation strong
For countries poor, like persons of ill-health.
Never count for much tho' they should linger
long,
And to be poor debars the right of way
Rich nations have in seizing weaker prey.

He ceased at this, and there was loud applause
In which, also, the august chairman joined,
As if to show, he, too, perceived the flaws
In Law Organic, and would stronger bind
The States together; give the Federal Head
More power still, no matter where it led.

And then another rose, whose gift of speech
Was poor indeed, but from whose forceful pen
Flow'd eloquence and reason that could reach
The hearts and minds and consciences of men.
He stood erect with manuscript in hand
And platform read, where he propos'd to stand.

"I am convinced, for with this hand I drew
That Declaration, which destroy'd the Throne
Of Britain here, and made her ever rue
Her senseless folly, which was fully shown
When she her flag of conquest here unfurl'd
To silence freedom in her Western World.

Altho' I am patrician born, and rear'd
In lines of life that taught me to despise,
And with contempt behold the common herd;
Yet when I saw my fellow-men arise
At country's call to arms, then I did see
All men are equal and should be free.

You cite me, Sir, to devastated France,
As an example and argument too strong
To be gainsaid, I'll show you at glance
Your premise is unsound, conclusion wrong,
And your deductions therefrom full of flaws,
With argument inverted—Effect for Cause.

No herasay mine, for I myself was there
And know whereof I speak, re-iterate,
That fierce upheaval—an outbreak of despair
'Gainst wrongs of centuries by Church and State
Borne 'til forbearance, a virtue ceas'd to be
And Frenchmen rose, determined to be free.

You can call them "wild," I ask, would you be tame
If ev'ry right vouchsaf'd from God to man
Were wrested from you, leaving rags and shame
Your only portion; under such a ban
Would you not strike with all your might and main
Nor feel secure until such foes were slain.

Have we forgotten that high, heroic time
When all our people striving to be free,
Were in despair, that chivalry sublime
France show'd to us, nay, even dar'd to be
Our gen'rous ally. Oh! can we e'er forget
That name illustrious, De La Fayette.

And next I hear the base appeal for wealth,
As if mere riches could make a nation strong;
Pray tell me, Sir, where is that Nation's "health"
Tho' rich as Croesus with its morals wrong,
Whose civic heroes, exiled in disgrace
And sordid rascals holding power and place.

Look, Sirs, at Carthage, of Hannibal, the home;
Behold her ruin as soon as she began
To worship riches, o'erwhelmed by Rome
When wealth became her measure of a man;
Nay I repeat that wealth and love of ease
Will prove our ruin when we worship these.

You speak of "brilliance," but another sort,
Not "borrow'd" either, but stolen out of hand,
Occurs to me of a corrupted Court,
Which fain would dazzle an unhappy land
Of freedom robbed, of ev'ry light bereft
And seeks by show to dignify the theft.

We stand today on the threshold, as it were,
Of a new nation, and we would make it strong
This all depends on basis that we rear;
If that be weak, and 'twill be built on wrong,
Then we must fail; for Law, wheron we stand,
I grant you, Sir, would prove 'a rope of sand.'

A Government unloved is never strong,
Tho' fleets and armies cover sea and land;
Its rulers fear the people whom they wrong
And live in dread of an avenging hand.
And well they may, no tyrant is secure
E'en with the guards who stand around his door.

My scheme is this a government three-fold,
Each branch thereof forbidd'n to transgress,
Transcend its limits; let Court the Laws uphold,
Construe their meaning, neither more nor less,
Its branches never go beyond at all,
The Law Organic, otherwise, we fall.

"Equal Rights" for all, but privilege for none
 Save what is common, good for all the State,
 With Right Reserv'd," let all the States be one
 As to the Nation; no citizen so great
 Law cannot reach him, none so weak and poor
 But in his rights may always feel secure.

Nations govern'd least, are always govern'd best,
 God limits His "Commandments" to the Ten;
 Sad fate for people by many laws oppress
 To further schemes of a varicious men
 Who know full well what end they have in view
 To rob the many to enrich the few.

Let consciences of all be free, we find,
 Too oft the priest is but the tyrant's tool
 By whom all freedom is deftly undermin'd,
 And then false plea by "right divine" to rule
 Comes on apace, 'til superstition finds
 Decree of Heaven in plot of scheming minds.

Concluding now let me re-iterate
 Opinions I have oft express'd before,
 I mean to say that we must educate
 Our people to expect from Government no more
 Than what they give it, none allow'd to share
 Its favors special, I see disaster there.

" 'Twas by ambition 'tis said the angels fell
 From first estate, and we shall date our fall
 From a Republic to Anarchic Hell
 When we ignore that which belongs to all—
 An equal chance for wealth and happiness
 At Mammon's nod, or else from party stress."

This point I fain would emphasize
 Above all others, as seeings where it leads,
 It sounds euphonic—"Infant Enterprise,"
 And hides the monster it nourishes and breeds,
 For every nation of which I ever read,
 Whose Laws were partial, is moribund or dead.

"This is my doctrine; here, I take my stand,
 Immovable as yonder mountain's base;
 Sure of the right with that heroic band
 Which has withstood in every age and place
 Despotic power, and all the same is meant
 Tho' called a Czar, a King, or President.

He ceased to read and there was no applause,
 Instead, loud cries of 'Leveler' arose
 Throughout the Hall; but conscious that his cause
 Was right and just, the clamor of his foes
 Disturbed him not, and then I knew once more
 This was the man I saw in France.

not complete — M. J. P. 1930
MY OLD COUNTRY HOME

How fondly I think of my old country home
 As years of my life now draw to a close,
 Of the woods and the fields, that I so lov'd to roam
 Or of the green meadow where the riverlet flows.

I see the dear faces that smiled on me then,
 And hear the sweet voices like music to me
 Ere ever I knew of the harshness of men,
 Or dreamed that the world not an Eden would
 be.

The yard where I played when a bare footed boy,
 The stable, the barn, the deep bubbling spring,
 I see of all these in the fullness of joy,
 And bliss of young life, that knew not a sting.

My dear gentle Mother and Father, I see,
 The gods of childhood, for all parents are,
 Wherever they were no danger could be,
 For none could excel them, none with them
 compare.

All the sights and the sounds of the old country-
place,
I see them, I hear them, so real they seem,
So life-like withal, no phantoms that chase
Through mind when asleep, no vision, no dream.

The caw of the peacock, chanticleer's crow,
The cackling of hens as they fly from the nest,
The whinny of horses, the cattle that low
At set of the sun for food and for rest.

The laughter of children, the white and the black
As races we ran to see who could beat,
The climbing and sliding adown the hay stack,
Where a few days before they had threshed out
the wheat.

Alas, oh, Alas, the old place is gone,
The hand of the stranger has fashioned anew
The old country-home where sun brightest shone,
And life was entrancing always to my view.

I go to the grave-yard visiting there,
And forms of the lov'd ones moulder'd away,
Are all resurrected, just as they were,
I see them again as they were in that day.

Tho' wrinkled and gray and old am I now,
Yet tears come unbidden, I cannot repress,
The voice of nature, it still makes me bow,
And weep for the lov'd ones God gave me to
bless.

HE HEALED THE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN WING

I dreamed that I pass'd thro' the woods one day
And a stranger saw, who paused on his way
And gaz'd at his feet;

When ,wond'ring much what this could mean,
I nearer drew to the puzzling scene
For a view complete.

I saw a bird with a broken wing;
Too lame to fly, too sad to sing
As it lay aground;
And it to the stranger seemed to say,
Will you not pity a bird today
And heal its wound?

The man bent down and bird caress'd
And plac'd it gently on his breast
And went his way.
He bore it home, and with a string
He gently bandag'd the broken wing,
My dream did say.

He gave it food and drink each day
'Til its wing was heal'd and it flew away
With joyous song
To sweet companions it left before
In their forest home. My dream was o'er;
But not for long.

For I dream'd again—dreamed that I stood
At heaven's gate and the selfsame wood
I had pass'd thro'
Came back to me; and, stranger yet,
I saw the man whom I had met,
Full in my view.

As he drew near to heaven's gate,
I heard a voice, and it cried, "Await!"
Your passport show,
For without this no man can pass
Within this gate. And the man, alas!
Thought doom below.

Then came a voice in question's tone,

“What good on earth have you ever done?
Have you pity shown to any one,
Or soothed a pang?”
Then did the angel of record sing,
“He heal’d the bird with the broken wing,”
And Heaven rang

With sweet refrain as he enter’d in
The Holy City that knows no sin.
I woke and knew
What meaning from my dreamings spring;
That deeds of kindness always bring
Heav’n near to you.

CONFESSIONS OF A BACK SLIDER

Alas! how hard this heart of mine,
How dead to everything divine,
And Heavenly bent;
With each recurring Sabbath Day
I go to church and come away
Just as I went.

It cannot be the preacher’s fault,
I know his sermons do exalt
To things divine
The souls of others, for they say,
“That sermon did me good today,”
The fault is mine.

Poor me, I sit there like a stone
Beneath the Gospel’s charming tone,
So sweet to me
In other days, days when I knew
The Love of God and lov’d Him too,
When I was free.

One sweet remembrance lingers yet,
Nor while I live will I forget
When but a boy

God's spirit came, as "rushing wind,"
And fill'd my heart and soul and mind
With speechless joy

In that glad time it seem'd to me
God's love was boundless as the sea,
'Twas so immense;
No words could tell the bliss I felt,
It seem'd as if my heart would melt
With love intense.

Alas! that I should fall away
From such experience, go astray
From light and love;
Lose Spirit's witness and my joy,
Let carnal thoughts my mind employ,
Tho' born above.

To follow Him we must deny
Ourselves, or we will surely die
As I have shown;
His ev'ry call we must obey,
Neglect the least we fall away,
Our witness gone.

Lord Jesus, Savior, can it be
That I have ceas'd to honor Thee,
And turn'd away
Like Demas, in the days of old,
My zeal, my love, and heart grown cold
In this dark day.

Am I alive, or am I dead?
Am I asleep on Satan's bed?
Of carnal ease?
Persuade myself that all is well,
While on my easy way to Hell,
In States like these.

Oh, God! My God! I fly to Thee!
 Once more in mercy pity me,
 Again restore
 Salvation's joy, let me sing,
 Redeeming love of Christ my King,
 Forevermore.

And yet I know one cannot live
 On past experience, grace must give
 The daily power;
 Or else the christian falls away
 From heavenly things, and day by day,
 Nay, hour by hour,

Falls lower still, until at last
 Begins to doubt "experience" past
 Of His new birth.
 'Tis Satan's work to sweep away
 The joy of that happy day,
 The best on earth.

DR. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON

(A tribute to his memory by one who loved him)

A fine, noble life, it is ended at last,
 Undimmed by a sorrow, save that it is past;
 Though death overcame, it did not defeat
 A life that was noble and useful and sweet.

A life that is given to all that is high,
 And generous and manly it never can die.
 Though fame be forgotten, a legend at most,
 Love lives on forever; it cannot be lost.

In days of his youth no more gallant knight,
 Ever wielded a sabre, defending the right,
 But gentle peace coming, when grim war was done,
 He chose as his calling the greatest, save one;
 Gave science and skill to humanity's cause,
 For forty long years with hardly a pause.

Many beautiful lives the Southland has given,
 Of women and men who have wrought, who have striven,

Through eras of darkness, whose faith was a light,
A pillar of fire to lead us aright.

And his ever shone with brilliance of mind,
And heart sympathetic and cheerful and kind,
To the humble and lowly, humanity's cause,
Was dearer to him than worldly applause.

He belonged to the era that gave to the world,
The rarest of flowers that it ever unfurled;
Fair women and men whose graces no tongue,
Of orator uttered or poet has sung.

Hail, friend, and farewell, oh, light be the sod
That hides thee from us, on the bosom of God.
Thy spirit awaits; we shall meet again,
In world without death, or sorrow or pain.

FATHER RYAN

When wail of "Conquer'd Nation" rose,
When leaders fail'd, whom South could trust,
As Banner by relentless foes
Lay torn and trampled in the dust.

From out the darkness there was heard
A voice, and it seem'd divine,
By which all Southern hearts were stirr'd,
Sweet poet-priest, that voice was thine.

Its pathos and its power won
Its way to ev'ry gen'rous heart,
Whose "Conquered Banner," tho' undone,
Still lives in thy poetic art.

A poet-priest, two gifts divine
To lofty aims, inspir'd thee,
And grace and genius both combine
And give thee immortality.

A grander shaft is thine today,
Than brass or marble, far above
The formal honors they convey,
Our Southern gratitude and love.

LOVE FOREVER

Oh, Love, tho' oft has mortal tongue,
And pen thy matchless triumphs sung,
Yet there are thoughts that 'round thee team
More beautiful than poet's dream.

No need to say love comes from heaven,
Its origin divine is given,
In deeds and words, its tones and smile
Is heaven itself, and all the while.

Aye, love is life, for it imparts
Its power to our deadened hearts,
And makes them live and throb and glow,
In harmony with God below.

Love is a sun, it shines for all,
In palace, or in cottage small,
It beautifies the callous'd hand
That labors hard at its command.

And never King nor Monarch shone
More radiantly upon the throne,
Than when they felt and own'd its power
And exercised it every hour.

'Tis love that gives to nature's face
Its beauty, comeliness and grace,
'Tis love embues poetic mind
With sight where that of prose is blind,
For pearly dewdrops sparkling clear
To poet seems as Beauty's tear.

The tints that streak the lovely rose
Are like the blushes that disclose
On maiden's cheek when lover pale
Reveals to her the "tender tale."

A DARK-EYED DAUGHTER OF JUDEA

Whene'er by fortune, or by chance,
I meet her, there will rise
Before me visions of romance
As seen in her dark eyes.

I read the history of her race,
Its pathos and its power,

Each step from glory and from grace
Until this present hour.

The mellow light of Syrian skies,
Reflecting in its beams,
A heart that ever will comprise
Judea in its dreams.

Aye, more than this, they speak to me,
Of prophets, priests and kings,
The glory of her land, when free,
Of days when David sings.

The triumphs of her chosen race
In glorious days of old,
Ere God in anger hid his face
From people of His fold.

The darkness of disaster's day,
Its sorrow and its pain,
Judea's sceptre torn away
And all her glory slain.

All this, and more whene'er by chance,
Or fate, or otherwise,
Mine own are sadden'd by the glance,
Of dark Judean days.

Look up fair daughter of a race,
To which all mankind owes,
Whate'er of goodness and of grace,
Humanity it knows.

FIRST LOVE

Can the young heart exert
More than once all its powers?
Are springs in a desert?
Can a waste produce flowers?

Can a streamlet still flow
When its fountain is dry?
Or a flower still grow
When its essence shall die?

Can an army be scattered,
Yet forsake not the plain?
Can hopes that are shattered
Be cemented again?

Can a flame be relighted
When its fuel is gone?
Or a love be requited
When heart there is none?

Can purest love ever
To friendship descend,
When its sweet bonds shall sever
And be at an end?

IMMORTALITY

He is immortal, who does immortal deeds
For all mankind and not for self alone,
For true success makes others to succeed
And their success but multiplies his own,
And makes it certain for honor's breath
Sings the good man's praises after death.

A GREAT NATION

When culture, commerce and honor's sense combine
They make a nation great, not wealth alone
For love of wealth will always undermine
The civic virtues, true foundation stone
On which it stands, for history is plain,
All nations die, whose whole pursuit is gain.

WHY NOT JESUS

Jesus! all-sustaining name!
In days when persecution's flame
The saints consum'd.
Yet tortures fierce could not destroy
Their confidence of endless joy
Beyond the tomb.

For Christ no earthly trumpets sang;
For Christ no welcome plaudits rang,
When he came hence.
And yet no name in all this earth,
In all the ages since His birth,
Looms so immense.

Colossus of historic realm,
And whose achievements overwhelm
All other names.

In vain may Voltaires him assail,
Or Ingersolls—all others pale
Before his claims.

Despise'd, neglected in his day,
And basely slain; he came to stay
For evermore.

The Conquerer of death and hell,
The King of glory, Heav'n as well
As earth adore.

At Pilate's bar no more he stands;
The brutal mob no more demands
To "crucify!"

The scheming Pharisee no more
His death contrives; on ev'ry shore
We magnify

His matchless name! Hosannas sing
To Jesus earth's and Heav'n's King
Of great and small.

Yet strange indeed, while this is true,
The world withholds from him his due,
Deserving all.

Tho' Homer sings of Grecian Isles
In stains that all the world beguiles,
And glorifies

The name of Greece; while Virgil sings
Of lofty Rome—her Latium kings—
And empire's rise;

Tho' Dante, dark, morose, sublime,
Sings in an epic for all time

His pilgrimage,
Where horrors reign, unmix'd, supreme,
Each scene of woe a dreadful dream
Upon his page;

Tho' Milton, with his genius high,
Hath sung the battles of the sky

In master strains,
Then turn'd with equal sweep to tell
Of horrors in the pit of hell,
Where Satan reigns;

Tho' Arnold, far as in him lies,
 "The Light of Asia" magnifies
 Without surcease;
 Yet, Jesus, Lord, and King of Kings,
 Of him no tow'ring genius sings
 In masterpiece.

Mayhap no intellect can soar
 As high as Jesus, dare explore,
 Or e'en aspire
 To such a theme as would demand
 An angel's brain, an angel's hand,
 And tongue of fire.

TO MY VIOLIN

Thou pretty box of varnished wood,
 Though dead, say sense and science wise,
 What melody, if understood,
 What harmony within thee lies.

Enkindled to a genial glow
 The sweetest feeling of the heart,
 'Neath magic touch of master's bow,
 What visions into being start!

Then memory with magic wand
 Brings back the buried past to me;
 I feel the touch of vanished hands,
 The loved and lost again I see.

Revives that happy, thrilling hour,
 When first my boyish fingers pressed
 The trembling strings, and felt the power
 That lay within thy wondrous breast.
 Again I move 'mid festive scenes
 Of early life, when free from care,
 When lovely maidens in their teens,
 And beardless boys met to share

The pleasures of the plain quadrille
 And reel on many a homely floor;
 When jolly fiddlers showed their skill
 And eager dancers called for more.

But as in manhood I advance,
 A sterner call I hear than thine;
 The trumpets sound, the banners dance,
 The cannons boom along the line.

And yet when gory fields were fought,
And night her sable curtain drew,
At such an hour as this I sought,
And sweetest solace found in you.

Ah! nevermore the battle strain
Mine old ears wish again to hear,
Recalling sadly comrades slain,
The widow's and the orphan's tear.

My viol, thou dost sing to me
In sweeter, holier strains than this—
An echo from the endless sea—
The ocean of eternal bliss.

One dead to music cannot know,
The bliss, and rapture it canst give;
To eat and drink and breathe below
Is to exist, but not to live.

Deny the god that would have dwelt
Within him when he sought to stay,
Repressing all one ever felt
Till Heaven, slighted, fled away.

Literature, science, music, art,
Were ever paramount to me;
To them I gave my utmost heart,
I love them still, tho' poor I be.

And now as age is creeping on,
And life's hard battle well-nigh fought,
I find that solace in thy tone
That in the world I vainly sought.

Thou, earthly echo of that sphere,
Where language thrills in music's tone,
Such sweetness, Lord, oh let me hear
In Heaven, when I am dead and gone.

AT FIRST SIGHT

Sweet maiden! I confess thou art
The charming idol of my mind
The highest type earth could impart
Of beauty, wit, and soul combined.

I knew it from that very hour
I met thee, I have never known

A moment's freedom from the power
Thy charms around my life have thrown.

In vain I struggle to be free
From love's dominion and its pain,
I am, yet hate thy slave to be,
I forge the links yet curse the chain.

For well I know a woman's heart
Cannot be moved by sighs alone,
But love makes man act foolish part,
He is insane 'til love has flown.

So pray excuse my silliness,
The signals of the wreck I show,
And like a vessel in distress
Please take me dearest into tow.

LEO TOLSTOY

Unique, original, alone,
Tolstoy stands apart,
As one who held and swav'd the throne
Of Russia's brain and heart.

As some colossal mountain peak,
Immense, serene, sublime,
Whom all can see, no need to seek,
The marvel of his time.

Thrown on an unresponsive age,
A dark and sordid day
When "Filthy Lucre" held the stage,
And Mammon wrote the play;

Yet sought he sunny isles of truth
Far out in Error's main
With all the eager heart of youth,
Yet with a Titan's brain.

No prophet, priest, or wondrous seer
Of mankind's future state,
But man and his condition here
His subjects of debate.

He found no Philosophic School,
No cult, as scholars say;
His rule of life the Golden Rule,
And his way, Jesus' way.

Fame came to him, but came unsought,
 His greatness made it so,
 For all the things for which he wrought
 The highest here below.

The lowly stood around his bier
 When he had passed away,
 And tears were never more sincere
 Than those they shed that day.

They knew the best of friends had passed
 Beyond all mortal ken,
 Who gave his life and riches vast
 For his poor fellow-men.

He is not dead; he cannot die,
 As does all "common clay."
 A life so noble and so high
 Can never pass away.

AN ODE TO SLEEP

Sweet sleep, says Sancho Panza
 Belov'd from pole to pole,
 Thou art the great restorer
 Of body, mind and soul.

Calm peace to Nations giving,
 For none have yet been found,
 That e'er dream'd of fighting
 Whose slumber was profound.

Look at old China will you,
 Engaging in a "scrap,"
 As soon as she awakens
 From centuries of "nap."

Let stingy old curmudgeons
 Get up at break of day,
 And rob thee of thy power
 In almost ev'ry way.

Would could they hear the "roastings"
 Behind their backs they get
 From devotees of slumber
 With morning "naps" up-set.

Aye, sleep's the major blessing,
 The greatest in its line,

Tho' "skinflints" call it "lazy,"
Its mission is divine.

For none can do without it
Whatever they may think,
'Tis just as necessary
As either food or drink.

And when in dreaded illness
Our bodies lie abed,
How happy is the Doctor
When sleep comes to his aid.

For well he realizes,
In treating human ills,
That sleep is more potential
Than medicines and pills.

And when the nurse informs him,
The sick one slept at night,
He knows the worst is over,
And victory's in sight.

But sleep has other blessings
Than aiding one to live,
Yes! many minor comforts,
That it alone can give.

For instance, prosy sermons
That much will others bore,
Lose their waking terrors,
To all inclined to snore.

For "Thirdly," "Fourthly," "Fifthly"
Are never heard by one
Who slumbers on profoundly
Until the sermon's done.

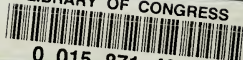
The poets of all ages,
The charms of sleep have sung,
Thro' it came inspiration
When all the world was young.

For when Pere Adam slumber'd
Then poisy began,
For without Eve there had been
No poetry in man.

HELEN

When she is seen, mine eyes behold
A being cast in beauty's mould
The brightest star, the purest gem
That decks creation's diadem.
Her eyes have more than brilliant glance,
They have the charm of sweet romance.
Her lips speak more than utter'd words
Or dulcet notes of soulless birds,
And with her violin she sings
Her soul of music in its strings
Sweet lady born to beautify
And bless the world, may purest sky
Look down on "Thee where'er Thou art,"
So bright of mind, so pure of heart.

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